

New York Saturday Journal

A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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No. 318.

SAILING OUT.

BY EBBEN E. REXFORD,
Author of "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

Have you any message, friend,
For your loved ones gone away
To the happy hills of Heaven,
Lying just across the bay?
I am going out at even
On the waters wild and wide;
Yes, my bark sets sail for Heaven,
At the ebbing of the tide!

Am I not afraid, you ask,
Of the waters, deep and wide?
No! God keeps a beacon burning
Over on the Heaven side.
Ah! the night fell ne'er so slowly
On an earthly day before!
Tell me! is the tide-wave breaking
Yet, upon the rocky shore?

Am I glad to go, you ask?
Friend, when sorrow filled your breast
How your pulses thrill with gladness
When you think of coming rest!
I am tired of earthly sorrows,
And I think on Heaven's sweet shore;
There will be no sad to-morrow,
But one glad day evermore!

See! the nightfall comes at last,
Soon will ebb the lagging tide,
And my bark goes drifting, drifting
Over waters reaching wide,
Do not weep that I must leave you,
Heaven is not so very far,
Did the angels of the sunset
Leave the golden gates ajar?

Ebbs the tide! The breezes blow
Seaward, and the sails are set!
I am drifting, drifting, drifting!
Friend, one kiss—and don't forget!
When the morn breaks on your vision,
I shall cast an anchor down,
Safe at last in God's wide harbor,
Close by the Celestial Town.

The Masked Miner:

OR,
THE IRON-MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF PITTSBURGH.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER,
AUTHOR OF "UNDER HAIL," "SILKEN CORD."

CHAPTER I.

THE NIGHT WALK.

ONE! two! three! four! five! six! seven! came in mellow but half-muffled notes from a distant clock tower, down in the city.

The two men, crouched in the thick gloom under the black shadow of the old house, on the most unfrequented quarter of Boyd's Hill, started as they heard the separate strokes coming up so distinctly on the thick, wet air of the evening.

"Ha! seven o'clock, Teddy, and it's time we were off!" said one of the men. "The boss is punctual, you know, and we mustn't disappoint him. 'Spose we go?"

"All right, and we had better be in a hurry. Step out, Launce, and look around; we must see if the coast is clear. We mustn't call attention to our old rat-trap here," pointing to the dilapidated frame-house that reared itself spectrally in the fast-settling darkness.

The man called Launce strode away cautiously in the gloom, and reaching a small knoll, the very eminence of the lofty hill, peered around him in every direction. His scrutiny was rapid, but it was searching. He saw nothing. Not a living soul was stirring on the desolate heights, save themselves, on that dismal evening.

With a low, satisfied chuckle, he hastily returned to his companion, who still stood under the shadow of the old house.

"Nobody is watching us to-night, Teddy, that's certain, and why? Because no one need be out to-night, except such poor devils as you and me!"

The man, rough, grimy and coarse as he was, spoke bitterly—it may be feelingly. For a moment his companion was silent, but then, looking up suddenly, he said:

"Yes, yes, you're right, Launce; we are the only ones who need be out, God knows! and yet I sometimes wonder—if indeed there is a God—that he would look on and see poor men suffer. Well, well; we seldom see daylight, and when we do, even then our time isn't our own." There was a pause again.

"Well, Teddy, it don't matter; so let it be. Everybody has his or her place, and we have ours! But, did you forget it, Teddy? There are others out this nasty night, if there's any truth in man's word. The boss, you know; and his business! Our part in that business, too, eh, Teddy?"

"Yes, I haven't forgot it, depend upon it, for there's money in the work, and money buys bread, and—well, you know it, bread feeds children, and we must do it! Bad luck to the day that put us in his power!" and the man smote his clenched hands together.

"And, Teddy, even then, on that day, we were working for our children; why did he not send us to jail, and be done with it?"

"He uses us better, Launce! As we are in the mud, let us wade it through, through, I tell you! a day of reckoning may yet come!"

"God grant it!"

At that moment a single sounding stroke from the distant clock-bell smote softly, yet distinctly on their ears.

"Come, Teddy; we forget ourselves; that's



There, in deathly array, lay a bleached skeleton.

a quarter past seven, and we must be gone, or it will be too late. See how dark it is now, and it's more than a step from here to Mount Washington road."

"We'll go," replied his companion, buttoning his coat tightly around his throat; "but I'll tell you, Launce Ringwood, this job is the dirtiest of all, and I don't like it, that's all."

Quietly, and with cat-like steps, despite the solitude of the locality, the men emerged from the shadows of the old house into the heavy gloom of the surrounding darkness. Without hesitating they entered a small path leading directly along the edge of the dizzy cliff, which hung directly over the darkly flowing Monongahela. They threw not their gaze over the intervening river to the suburbs of Birmingham, whose thousands of throats of licking flame and fire shone weirdly on the night, but, with heads bent down, they pursued their way swiftly, and as if thoroughly acquainted with every inch of the ground along the narrow path skirting the frightful ledge. For ten minutes they walked thus, then paused for a moment, and looked around them.

"Can't you trust your feet to the steps, down the hill, Teddy?" asked the one called Launce.

"I had rather not to-night. 'Tis a bad place in the daytime, and though it saves the matter of a mile, yet that's a nasty fall of two hundred feet, Launce, and the steps are slippery."

"My notion, too. We'll go down through the town; 'tis safe and no risk. Come."

The speaker, followed closely by his tall, sturdy companion, turned off at right angles as he spoke, and, crossing the summit of the hill, struck into Stephenson street—at all times lonesome and uninviting, but now doubly dismal, soundless and dreary.

The men had not noticed a figure that had lunged on their steps from the moment they had left the old house. That figure, keeping back a convenient distance, had steadily but swiftly followed along the dizzy path, and, when they paused to consult about descending the "steps," the "shadow" had paused too. And, as before, when they strode over the hill, he was again quickly on their track.

"Strange, strange!" this spy muttered. "Did chance bring me, in my wretchedness, to the solitude of this spot for any good purpose? Nay, can I be instrumental in doing any thing good under any circumstances? Has not heaven shut out its light from me, so that not a ray of hope can shine through the ominous clouds that envelope me? We'll see; we'll see! Those voices are strangely familiar to me! Is there some villainy afoot? I'll follow them, come what may. Whew! how chilly the noxious wet wind! that searches through you!" He drew his coarse coat up around his ears, and grasping more firmly his stout cane, he likewise entered Stephenson street, and trod cautiously on behind the two night-walkers.

The men in advance took their way down the deserted street, their pace increasing momentarily, as if they desired to make up for lost time. At length they turned from that street into Bedford avenue, and continued on down, toward the heart of the city. Five minutes afterward, and they appeared in the civilized portion of the city—on Fifth avenue, on which thoroughfare, despite the now unpropitious evening, were many persons, shivering along

in the smoky gloom. The light from the shop windows shone murky, and a kind of unearthly, spectral glamour hung over the half-lit street. The lamps were only burning on one side of the avenue, and this side was speedily shunned by the two rough-looking men. They seemed to court the shade, as they hurried forward, looking neither to the right nor left. At length they turned abruptly into Smithfield street, and in this thoroughfare, as in the last, they took the shady side. The solitary walker, who hung behind them, did the same.

Then came in sight the two lamps standing at the entrance of the bridge over the black Monongahela. The lights were flaring wildly about in the raw wind that swept along the open levee. The men paused, and glanced up and down the dark length of Water street. They were now compelled to go beneath a light, so they boldly strode by, deposited their toll, and passed on.

They were under the light but a moment, but that moment was sufficient to reveal them as two tall, brawny, rough-looking, sooty and begrimed men, wearing the underground dress of miners.

Another moment, and he who followed them stood under the flashing lamplight, settling from early dawn, the cold, almost icy drizzle had covered a miner. Receiving his pennies in change, he strode along after the others over the bridge.

CHAPTER II.

A NOVEMBER DRIZZLE.

IT WAS, indeed, a disagreeable night which glowered down over the smoke-clad city of Pittsburgh. The murky lamplights now steady and dull—now flaring and flickering, as the heavy gusts occasionally tore through the half-deserted streets, and forced their wet breath through the creaking crevices of the glass—burnt with a half-yellow glare, each separate lamp-top covered by a halo of church-yard white.

It was a genuine November night, and genuine November weather in 1859. All day long, from early dawn, the cold, almost icy drizzle had covered a miner. About four o'clock in the afternoon a rift had appeared in the leaden clouds; a gleam of half-splendid sunshine had shot down, and immediately rainbows were belting, in beautiful arches, the dismal city in all directions.

At the moment when it seemed as if a more auspicious hour was breaking over the place, a handsome open buggy, drawn by two spirited bays, and driven by a young gentleman, evidently of wealth and fashion, spun across the Suspension bridge, then up Federal street, and turning suddenly into Stockton avenue, drew up in front of the residence of Richard Harley, Esq.,—ex iron-merchant and millionaire—now the richest man in Alleghany City; his mansion, too, as he prided himself, the lordliest and grandest in that aristocratic suburb of Pittsburgh.

With the skill of an experienced driver he brought his horses up to the curb, uttering a half-exclamation of triumph at his dexterity, and a word of encouragement to his beautiful steeds; then flung the silken reins over the dash-board, and sprang lightly to the walk.

A pair of eyes were watching him from that lofty mansion, for Grace Harley, the only

daughter and child of the rich man, stood behind the heavy silken curtains gazing through the French-plate pane, at the driver and his equipage. But there was no welcoming light in Grace Harley's hazel orbs—no warning tinge on the smooth cheek, to tell that the heart was pulsing its rich currents for him who stood outside. Rather, that it was a half-baleful glare—a vindictive fire, streamed out of the dark brown eyes; rather, too, that the warm blood flowed away from the rounded cheek. Certainly, as she turned, half-pettishly from the window, an exclamation of commingled impatience and disdain burst from the coral lips of Grace Harley. Mr. Somerville evidently was not a welcome guest.

As she spoke, a tall form darkened the door, and the stately, aristocratic, moneyed Mr. Harley entered the room.

"Ah! Grace, what is it—what is it?" he exclaimed; for, as he was near the parlor door, he had heard her half-uttered exclamation.

"Why, papa—why, nothing much," stammered Grace, reddening.

"Nothing much, eh! and yet there is something," said her father, kindly, but positively.

"Well, papa, if you must have it, Mr. Somerville is here again, and on such a dreadful day!"

"Mr. Somerville? He certainly won't hurt you, Grace; he is an excellent young man—worthy of any maiden's regard. And, as for to-day, why it has cleared off beautifully, and for a rarity, we have the sun again. See!" and the father pointed through the curtains at the broad, rich flash of sunlight, which just then entered the room and covered the rich, velvet carpet with its golden glimmer.

"Yes, papa, all true," said Grace, half-dreamily, "but I can't bear Mr. Somerville. I think he is hateful!"

"Grace, Grace, you speak wildly," answered the father, sternly. "Mr. Somerville is the son of my best friend, now deceased; he is a well-educated young man, and, in a word, I like him; he is already rich, and—"

"And, papa—forgive me—that covers all, in your eyes—may, forgive me, papa, but I know it!"

A frown distorted the forehead of the old ex-merchant; he clenched his hands violently. A hot answer leaped to his lips, but he crushed it back.

Grace cowered not, but patted the carpet with her slippers foot.

"You do me wrong, Grace," at length spoke the father, calmly, as if by an effort, "but let me tell you, daughter, that I fear the memory of that rascal—that minion whom I nurtured—who stole your heart—"

"Sh! sh! papa, I implore you! Speak not of him thus, for—but Mr. Somerville comes."

Steps sounded on the gravelled walk without; then in the porch; then the bell jingled loudly, as if rung by a hand that was not afraid to pull it.

In a moment the visitor was admitted and shown into the parlor. Mr. Harley was striding, consequently, up and down the limits of the elegant apartment, but Grace had shrunk away into a large arm-chair, in a corner of the room, where the shade was greater.

Mr. Somerville was a tall and rather spare man of about twenty-eight. His head was

small—too small for one of his stature—and covered with a mass of close-cut black hair. A thin, rather cadaverous face, with an aquiline nose, heavy, protruding lips, the upper shaded by a thick, scrubby mustache, and a small, retreating chin closely shaven, as were his lantern cheeks, did not make a very pleasing countenance, or one calculated to fascinate the susceptibilities of the other sex. But, perhaps, what Somerville failed in, in one respect, he made up in another? Perhaps for homeliness of features, his rich and elegant apparel compensated! His overcoat, of costliest fabric, was thrown open, disclosing the garments he wore beneath to be made of the finest material and latest mode. The boots he wore, and the soft silk hat which he crushed negligently between his large palms—for his hands were, as were his feet, disproportionately large—showed likewise that he commanded money. The large stones sparkling in his spotless shirt front—and the magnificent cluster that twinkled on the little finger of his left hand, which unlike its fellow—which carried an ivory-handle whip—was ungloved—were the proofs—indeed they were needed—that Somerville kept a bank account, and that his drafts were honored. But there was something about the half-bluish, half-gray eyes of the young man that struck a chill into your very vitals, for if there is any truth in eyes, Somerville's told of treachery or deceit, it was hard to decide which.

The young man shook hands cordially with the old ex-iron-merchant, and noticing him no further, turned a scrutinizing look around the room.

"Ah! Miss Grace, you are there, are you?" and walking up to where the maiden sat, he bowed obsequiously low.

Grace Harley shuddered, as the man approached, and she endeavored to put aside, or not to see, his proffered hand. She could do neither, for, in an instant, his cold, limp, half-wet hand, now hastily ungloved, was thrust into her own warm, velvety, shrinking palm.

"I have called, Miss Grace, with my open buggy and bays, to remind you of a promise to accompany me to the new drive, back of Mount Washington. We have two hours yet, and my horses do not travel slowly," he continued, standing all the time.

For a moment Grace hesitated, but then, as if summoning up her courage, she said, distinctly:

"I am certainly obliged for your kindness, Mr. Somerville, but I think the weather too unpropitious."

"Not at all so, Miss Grace," interrupted the young man, rather rudely, and very earnestly, as an anxious shade flitted over his face. "The weather has cleared, and—"

"Of course it has, Mr. Somerville," in turn interrupted Mr. Harley, rather authoritatively; "and Grace will go with you, and I thank you for your kindness, too. Of course you will go, Grace."

As he spoke, he cast a quick, half-angry look at his daughter. The maiden understood that look.

Rising, with a half audible murmur, which sounded, indeed, more like a sigh than any thing else, the young girl swept out of the room.

And then the gentlemen returned to their conversation.

In a few minutes, covered with ample wrappings, Grace Harley, looking rosy and beautiful, yet somewhat sad, withal, entered the parlor. No time was lost. They were soon out at the light wagon; the girl was placed tenderly in, packed closely around with a heavy rich robe, and then, taking the reins, the gentleman spoke lightly to the restive steeds, and away they dashed.

The sun-rift in the clouds soon closed, however, and ere they had been gone five minutes, the smoky canopy apparently denser than ever settled over the city. But Somerville did not turn back. In ten minutes he had crossed the Suspension Bridge and was rattling on up Fifth avenue toward the Smithfield street bridge. Over this they soon passed, and had commenced the ascent of the Mount Washington road.

CHAPTER III.

A DARK SECRET ON THE HILL.

ONE dark night, just a week previous to the evening first mentioned in our story, a tall, thickly-wrapped figure appeared above the steps leading from the cluster of grimy houses below, on the banks of the Monongahela, and for a moment stood panting on the broad plateau of Boyd's Hill. The place was deserted, for the hour was late—certainly not far from midnight. With but a moment's pause, and a cautious glance around, he turned away, and took the narrow path running by the very brink of the cliff. He continued along this path for a couple of hundred yards; then striking across the summit of the hill, continued on, until he stood under the shadow of a rickety old frame house—the same to the outside of which the reader has been introduced. All was silent as a churchyard.

The man, after peering around him, stepped softly to the closed door, and looked through the crevices.

No ray of light came out into the darkness. Then he placed his ear to the solid panel and listened for a moment. No sound came forth. He rapped a peculiar rap, on the solid door,

but the dull, heavy echo within—sounding, supernaturally loud—alone came back.

"All's well—all's well!" he muttered. "They know me well, and they'll come on the minute. What! so late?" as a far-off clock sounded on the night air. "Well, well, they must be near now, and I'll hurry in and look at that keepsake—my 'Dead Secret' which, like a fool, I have not yet buried from sight. I'll look at it! It nerved me to my work, begun with it! It and my friend here"—drawing a brandy-flask from his side coat-pocket, "will nerve me up to what yet is to be done!" and so saying he drank a deep, full draught. And then he thrust back the flask. For a moment he reeled under the fiery potion, and then again he stood erect.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed, low yet fearlessly to himself, "that is the priceless potion—the elixir of strength—of high courage—nay, of life itself! Now, I am strong, and now I'll enter."

Using the key drawn from his overcoat pocket, he flung back the bolt and entered the house. All was darkness and gloom within; but suddenly, a light burst forth, as if by magic, and in a moment the room was aglow with almost supernatural brilliancy. The light came from a massive chandelier, glittering with pendants and heavy with cut-glass globes hanging from the center of the ceiling. It was evident that the many lights had been burning low, and that the man had suddenly turned them on.

A singular scene of richness and beauty was revealed.

The room of this dilapidated, rickety old shanty—as it appeared to be from the outside—was fitted up with all the splendor of an aristocratic parlor. Sofas of richest velvet, chairs of rare value—inlaid tables of cunning workmanship, fairly crowded the limited space of the apartment. A heavy carpet of costliest manufacture covered the floor, and paintings, in richly gilded, massive frames, hung upon the velvet-papered walls.

The man, half-reeling, glanced above him and then staggered back and sunk on one of the sumptuous seats.

"Ha! ha!" he exclaimed, "this is my cabin! all mine—and ye gods! the joyous hours that have been mine here, and—but, I forget," he exclaimed, as he quickly arose, and reeling across the room, suddenly rolled down a heavy curtain before the door, thus cutting off all possibility of a tell-tale ray of light penetrating beyond. There was no window, whatever, to the room!

"'Tis best to be cautious," he said; "it would not do for curiosity-seekers to be drawn here by a straggling light. It's all right now."

He retired to his seat, and, for a moment, bowed his head between his hands.

The brilliant light from the chandelier shone on an unusually tall and spare man, whose person was wrapped in a heavy overcoat, reaching almost to his feet; his face was almost wholly concealed by a mass of long, black, curling whiskers. Over his brow was drawn a broad brimmed, slouched hat. His appearance and his attire certainly were not in keeping with the almost marvelous richness of the chamber; and yet, he had called this place his "cabin."

At length he raised his head; it was reeling and fro.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "I took too much of that draught—and I'm not steady enough. But, it will do, and I can drive it away. Ah! my old friends! you that have passed hours of mad revelry with me, in this noble old chamber—where are you now! Some are walking, as of old, the broad avenues of sin—*Sin?* Nonsense! There is no such thing as sin as long as money lasts! No, no! The world is a cesspool of sin; it is above, around, beneath us. It is everywhere, and will ever be. But my good friends: some are enjoying themselves—yes, that's better. Others have grown straight-faced, and gone back on themselves, the fools! and others are in the churchyard, under the wet grass and the damp, heavy clay!"

For several moments he sat still, changing not his position, nor saying a word. The wind still sighed and sung dolefully around the old house, and the drear November air crept through the crevices of the door, and swayed the heavy curtain hanging there gently to and fro. The man drew his thick coat more closely around him, and shivered as he felt the searching breeze creeping through, and as he noticed the almost supernatural lifting of the curtain, by the door.

"Cold—cold! and yet not so cold as some who are under the wet grass to-night! No, not but nonsense! Away with such feelings! I must think of other matters."

"What a good thing for me that I saw that little affair that raw evening, away down deep in the mine—nothing though it was, in itself, yet enough to send my good friends to jail—my noble workmen! Ha! ha! poor fools! and they are mine to the death. They must do this work for me. I've sworn I would triumph, and triumph I shall! She shall be mine, by some or other means. Ye gods! what mad dreams of love! Love! yes, and love of gold too, have floated over my brain, waking and sleeping, as I have thought of her. And she, so cold, so imperious, so repelling, yet so lovely, so entrancing!"

"Does she love that low-born adventurer yet? It must be. And strange fancies I am impressed with. I have lately seen a face familiar, wondrously similar to his!"

"That for her love for him. All I wish is her hand and her gold, and this move must bring it. The fellows are late," he exclaimed, glancing at a richly-mounted clock on the mantel-piece, the hands of which pointed to one o'clock, "and yet they have never failed me, and they cannot fail me now. They dare not! Have I committed myself to them? Am I the least in their power? No! And, if I am, money could buy me clear. I am safe!"

"Now I will look at my guest—my skeleton in the closet—ha, ha! to remind me of him who came between me and the girl I loved—loved!"

He staggered to his feet, and half lowered the light. Then he paused, and approaching the door, listened intently. But, as before, no sound was heard, save the moan of the wind over the bleak hill.

The man stepped back at once, and going to the further wall of the house, reached up and struck on a particular spot, a sharp blow. There was no response. He struck again, and yet there was no response.

"Confound it!" he muttered, as he drew a chair close to the wall. Springing upon it he put both hands on the wall and pressed.

Instantly a heavy section of it slowly started, and commenced to descend, the motion being accompanied by a sad kind of creaking as of rusted pulleys and chains.

The man stepped back and drew away the chair, and folding his arms closely and determinedly across his chest, gazed at the descending wall. Slowly it sunk, until a long black box appeared in view, and in it, in deathly array, lay a bleached skeleton.

At that moment a low, cautious whistle sounded without. Placing his hands again on the sinking section of the wall, by one determined effort, the man raised it to its place, where it fitted so nicely that no eye could detect it.

Drawing a pistol, and placing it in convenient reach, he approached near the door, answered the whistle, and then drew back the bolt. Instantly the door was opened and two large men entered. Then the door closed again.

It was nearly day when three persons left the house and bent their way toward the city. And then, from the gloom, not fifty yards away, another figure slowly raised itself and followed on leisurely toward the inhabited portion of the sleeping town.

(To be continued.)

"REST."

BY "TRIX."

Oh! spirit of rest, come o'er me,
And fold thy white wings round,
My form now so weak, half-fading,
Neath cares which now surround.

Bear away on thy stainless white wings,
This load of deep unrest,
Wild and fierce it came like the whirlwind
My power of strength to test.

The sands 'neath my feet are slipping
Slowly, but surely away;
The sands in the hour-glass dripping
With life-blood, day by day.

Oh, blessed spirit, come nearer,
And shed thy light for me,
And in its holy radiance
In faith, from sin, release.

My earthly chain has been broken,
Its links are scattered afar,
But a hope gleams in the future
Like a bright, unfading star.

Its silvery radiance seeming,
Against the deep blue sky,
Like radiant fingers pointing
To Him who reigns on high.

And low before His footstool
I pray thee, spirit of rest,
To fold thy white wings round me,
And give me thy sweet rest.

That my weary head may rest there
In love and perfect rest,
For the chain binding me to that new life
Will neither break nor rust.

Kansas King:

OR,

THE RED RIGHT HAND.

BY BUFFALO BILL (HON. WM. F. CODY),

AUTHOR OF "DEADLY WE, THE UNKNOWN SCOUT," "THE PRAIRIE ROVER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

KANSAS KING, THE OUTLAW.

PEARL, the fair maiden whose home was the humble cabin in the hills, was strangely moody after her meeting with the Scout in the gorge, and her duties were attended to in silence, her thoughts seeming far away.

Some irresistible attraction drew her toward Red-Hand—what, she could not explain, and she felt that for him she would willingly lay down her life.

Was it love that was stealing over her young and untutored heart—or was it the magnetism of a kindred spirit that drew her toward the Scout and caused her to keep him ever in her thoughts?

Though a comparative child in years, and for years the resident of a mountain hut, with only an old man, the only one of her own race who ever ran in those mountain wilds, Pearl was yet possessed of a most intelligent mind, and having been diligently taught by her father, and having around her various books, she had become educated, as it was, to a far better degree than was common with frontier maidens.

Often would her thoughts take a backward flight—to a time when she lived in a far different world, and where companions of her own age were around her; but, between that time and the present, shadow had come, and years had blotted out much that she would have remembered.

Then again, she would long to see the world she read of in books, and sigh and weep that she was an exile from all that made life worth living for.

The saving of her life by Red-Hand put new ideas into her head, and daily she became more dissatisfied with her lot.

Yet her life at the cabin seemed changing, for constantly were Indian runners arriving and departing, after holding interviews with her father, and twice a day was White Slayer wont to come to the hut, and always seek her society.

Toward the young and handsome chief Pearl had a kindly feeling, for he had once saved her life from a grizzly bear, but the idea of loving him, a red-skin, never entered her mind, and she was determined she would never enter his wigwam as his wife, notwithstanding her father had told her she should do so.

From the conversation had between White Slayer and the old hermit, Pearl soon discovered that there were two bands of whites in the Black Hills, and that the Indians were laying their plans to massacre the whole party.

The thought sent a cold chill to the heart of the maiden, and she at once determined to frustrate their designs.

Going through the cave one morning, after White Slayer and the hermit had gone out together, Pearl soon reached a situation from whence she could obtain a fine view of the Indian village, and with surprise she noted that there were numbers of warriors in the camp, whom she knew had been off for weeks on a southern trail, and hunting on the prairies.

A closer inspection also showed her that a perfect chain of Indian sentinels extended around the village, stationed upon the highest peaks of the surrounding hills; and, walking toward the council lodge on the river were her father and White Slayer, while a large body of the principal braves were gathered there to meet them.

"All this means mischief. Yes, I know my father has set the Indians up to this work of devilment, for he has sworn not to spare a pale-face who enters these hills."

"But they shall not be caught asleep—oh, no—he saved my life, and I will save his."

"But I must act soon, for the work of death will not be long delayed."

Thus musing to herself the maiden retraced her way through the cave and entering the cabin took her rifle and equipments from the rack over her cot.

"Valleolo, tell my father I will be back ere the sun kisses the western hills," she said to the Indian woman who aided her in the housework, and who answered quietly:

"There is danger in the forest and the valley—let the Pearl of the Hills hear the words of Valleolo and remain at the wigwam."

"There is no danger I fear to meet, Valleolo. I will be back at sunset."

So saying Pearl threw her rifle across her shoulder and rapidly descended the mountain side toward the bottom of the gorge, or valley, which divided the hill in twain.

Hardly had she gone half a mile down the glen, pondering in her own mind how she was to make her news known to the whites, and not compromise her father and lead him into danger, for he was ever kind to her, when swiftly walking along with downcast eyes, she was suddenly startled by a shadow falling across her path, and glancing up quickly she brought her rifle to a ready, for before her stood the form of a man.

Not an Indian warrior was he, nor Red-Hand, the Scout, nor her father; but one she had never before beheld.

He was a young man, scarcely more than twenty-five years of age, and yet with something in his face that made him appear at least thirty, for dissipation and a cruel life of crime had set their seal there.

His form was slight, but elegant, and showed to advantage in closely-fitting pants and jacket of blue navy flannel, decorated with brass buttons, and with a band of gold lace encircling each sleeve.

The bottoms of the pants were stuck in a pair of handsomely-topped cavalry boots, the heels of which were armed with silver spurs of the Mexican pattern.

A red silk ascot encircled his small waist, and but partially concealed a knife and pair of revolvers.

Upon his head was a large-brimmed slouch hat, looped up upon one side with an arrow pin, and half encircled by a black ostrich plume.

The face of this stylish-looking individual would have been decidedly handsome had it not been for the reckless expression resting thereon, for the features were good, the eyes particularly fine, and a dark mustache and imperial, the same shade as his long, curling hair, added to his general appearance, which was that of a dashing, gay, young cavalry officer.

Behind the man stood a superb black steed, richly caparisoned with a Mexican saddle and bridle, and hanging to the horn of the former was a cavalry saber, while, as a companion to it, upon the other side, was a holster, from which protruded the butt of a revolver.

At sight of a man in her pathway the first act of Pearl was to bring her rifle to her shoulder; but in quiet tones the stranger said:

"Fair maid, I beg you to lower that pretty toy, for I mean you no harm."

Struck with his splendid appearance and feeling that from a pale-face she had nothing to fear, Pearl partially lowered the weapon and then said:

"Why are you here in these hills, sir?"

"I came for pleasure, and yet I dreamed not of beholding here one so beautiful," gallantly replied the stranger, stepping a pace nearer to her.

"Who are you sir?" again queried Pearl, interested in spite of herself in the man.

"I am called Kansas King, fair girl."

Instantly Pearl sprung back, and like a flash her rifle covered the heart of the outlaw chief.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE OUTLAW'S LITTLE GAME.

WITHOUT the quiver of a muscle Kansas King gazed upon the maiden who so threateningly held him at disadvantage, and his voice was unmoved as he asked:

"Why does my name thus offend you, fair girl?"

"You are a vile murderer, it is said, and have laid waste the homes of your own people and the villages of the red-men in wanton destruction; you are a white robber, sir," and Pearl's eyes flashed fire, for often had the Indian runners brought news to her father of the ruthless acts of Kansas King and his band.

"You paint my character in harsh tones, fair girl; but, again I say, I mean you no harm, but come here to see an old hermit, one who has dwelt for years in the Black Hills, and is a Medicine Man or Chief of the Sioux under White Slayer."

"Do you know aught of such a man, for I take it you are some waif of an Indian camp."

Pearl half lowered her rifle and said:

"If you refer to he that is known as Gray Chief, he is my father."

"Your father? Then, indeed, he is a fortunate man. Were I the kin of one so lovely I would indeed be happy."

Pearl made no reply, for compliments she was unused to, and Kansas King continued:

"Will you guide me to your father, for I would speak with him upon a matter of interest to both of us?"

Without reply Pearl drew a small revolver from her belt and fired it three times in rapid succession, the ringing reports rattling like a volley of musketry along the canon.

"Ha! would you call aid?" cried Kansas King, quickly, and his dark eyes flashed fire.

"I have simply called my father; he will soon be here, sir."

Still maintaining her position of defense, Pearl replied to the questions addressed her by the outlaw chief, as best suited her, until the sound of running feet was heard, and the next moment up dashed the hermit and White Slayer, their rifles ready in hand.

At the sight of Kansas King the two halted, and seeing that their action was hostile the outlaw cried, speaking in the Sioux tongue:

"Hold, chiefs! I sought you here, and this maiden was kind enough to call you to me."

"Who are you?" cried the old hermit, in English, his eyes glaring savagely upon the young chief, who answered bitterly:

"I am an outlaw; one branded with a curse; men call me Kansas King!"

"Ha! you are the outlaw chief, then! What brings you here into these hills?"

"I do not understand you."

"I will explain; I am an outlaw, and you are perhaps worse, for you dare not show your face among your fellow men."

"By the Heaven above, but you are bold to thus address me," cried Gray Chief, furiously.

"My worst foes never called me a coward, chief; but I came not here to parley about courage or character, but to discuss a more important matter."

"You are accused for some crime, or you would never hide in these hills like a hunted wolf."

"I am an outlaw, a price is upon my head, and, figuratively speaking, a noose is round my neck."

"Go on, sir."

"Well, of late the troops have made it rather lively for me, because I have made it lively for the bordermen and emigrant trains, and I am compelled to have a stronghold that I can retreat to, and where none dare follow me."

"And you come here! You are a robber by trade, and what guarantee have I that you

will not murder us and plunder our homes?" said Gray-Chief, sneeringly.

"You have the guarantee of mutual protection, old man."

"Already are frontiersmen turning their eyes upon your hills, and even now two bands of miners and settlers have a foothold here, one of them fortified not five leagues from this spot."

"Their course is well-nigh run; a few more suns and their scalps will hang at the girdle of my young warriors," said the hermit.

"You think so; but, old man, these men will not be taken so easily, and if you take against them every warrior in your tribe, you will find it a hard fight to destroy them."

"Now, listen to me: one of these bands are fortified in a position that it is hard to drive them from, and that place I need for my stronghold; but I wish to be on friendly terms with you and your red-skins, and am willing to divide profits with you, White Slayer and his warriors, after each one of my raids upon the settlements."

"With my band in the Black Hills, and suffered to be friendly with White Slayer and his half a thousand warriors, no man will be fool enough to attempt to come here to settle, and there are not sufficient troops on the border to attempt to follow me here, when they know they have two forces to fight."

"You speak truly, young man."

"Of course I do, chief, and my plan is to take the miners' fort, down the glen, and there establish myself at once. The booty and the scalps may all go to you and your red-skins, and then I will attack and carry Ramsey's camp, and again the spoils go to you, except three persons."

"And these are—"

"Captain Ramsey, his son and daughter; them I claim."

"And you wish me to aid you in taking these two points?"

"Yes; but whether you do or not, I shall carry them," said the outlaw, with determination.

"Where are you now encamped?"

"Some twenty miles from here, in the lower hills."

"How many men have you with you?"

"About a hundred."

"Divide that by 2, chief, and you'll be nearer right," said Gray Chief, with a sneer.

"You attempt to drive us from these hills, and you'll think us double the number I named."

"No threats, boy, for I do not like to hear them."

"One hears many things not pleasant, chief; but we must not quarrel. Will you become my ally?"

"That I must think over; to-morrow at this hour meet me here, and you shall know whether you can remain in these hills, or must leave."

"No treachery, mind you, old man!"

"I am no snake in the grass, boy; to-morrow, at this time, remember, and I will to-night hold council with White Slayer and his chiefs."

The outlaw bowed, kissed his hand gallantly to Pearl, sprang into his saddle and dashed down the glen, while the hermit and White Slayer turned and walked up the gorge, leaving the maiden standing in the spot where the meeting had taken place.

CHAPTER XVII.

RED-HAND'S RED DEED.

FOR some moments after the departure of her father and White Slayer, Pearl stood in silent meditation, as though undecided what course to pursue.

At length her mind seemed made up, and she started down the glen, but had not taken a second step before she came to a sudden halt, for, not twenty paces from her she beheld a man who had stepped from behind a large boulder and advanced toward her.

At first Pearl seemed as if she was about to fly, but checking this determination, she stood on the defensive with her rifle half-raised to her shoulder.

"I am a friend, Miss, and the captain sent me back to give this to your father, Miss," and the man halted near the maiden and held out his hand as if to hand her something.

He was a burly-looking fellow, clad half in buck-skin, half in home-spun, and was heavily armed with revolvers and knife.

His face was just such a one as a man wholly corrupt promises, and in it there was not one redeeming expression.

Pearl liked not his looks, and said, suspiciously:

"What captain do you refer to?"

"Kansas King, the chief, Miss; I am his lieutenant, and am called Burke, Miss."

"Bad Burke, is it not?" said Pearl, quietly.

"Well, my enemies do call me Bad Burke, Miss, but it is because I am a bad hand with the knife, and no man dare meet me with it; but my friends don't call me Bad Burke."

"Your friends? Why, I should not think a man like you had a single friend," said Pearl, wickedly.

The face of Bad Burke turned livid with rage, and his iron muscles seemed to swell up with suppressed emotion, while his evil eyes glittered like a snake's.

But, controlling himself, he forced a laugh, and said:

"Yes, Miss, even a poor devil like me has friends; but, here is the paper the captain sent to your father," and he again held forth his hand.

Pearl reached forth to take what she believed a small scrap of paper, and her hand was seized in the iron grip of Bad Burke, who instantly drew her toward him, and ere she could offer the slightest resistance or cry out his hard palm was over her mouth, and she was held as firmly as though in a vise.

But, suddenly, a dark object caught her eyes descending from a ledge of rock fifteen feet above her, and striking the burly ruffian fairly on the shoulders he was hurled bodily to the ground.

The dark object that had descended so suddenly from the rock, and lighted upon the back of Bad Burke, was a man, one who never lost his equilibrium by his jump, but caught on his feet, and stood ready with drawn knife and pistol to face the outlaw lieutenant.

When released from the grasp of the ruffian, Pearl sprang backward and again seized her rifle, which she turned upon the outlaw lieutenant.

"Hold! do not shoot him, but let him come on and face me with his knife, for he boasted a moment since that no man dare face him."

"In Satan's name, who are you?" cried Bad Burke, his hand upon his knife-hilt.

"Men call me Red-Hand: hast heard the name?"

It was evident that Bad Burke had heard the name before, for his hand quickly slipped from his knife-hilt toward a pistol-butt.

"Hold! just move one inch, ay, crook your finger, and I'll send you soul to perdition," and the pistol of Red-Hand covered the heart of the outlaw, who whined out:

"Pard, you've the advantage of a fellow and ought to let up a little."

"I will; Miss, will you be kind enough to remove the pistols from that villain's belt?"

Pearl instantly stepped forward and did as directed, making a motion with the weapons as if about to murder the frightened lieutenant of bandits.

"Thank you; now, Bad Burke, we stand on an equal footing," and Red-Hand cast his pistols toward the ground.

With a suppressed yell of rage Bad Burke rushed upon his cool enemy, for now he believed he had it all his own way, as his boast was not an idle one regarding his prowess with a knife.

Calmly Red-Hand met his attacks; the blades clashed together with an ominous ring, and, notwithstanding his skill and strength, Bad Burke was hurled backward, again seized in the powerful grip of the Scout, whose keen knife gleamed in the sunlight, and then, with a crunching thud, was driven to the hilt in the outlaw's heart.

A stifled groan, and Bad Burke's cruel life had ended.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 315.)

CUDDLING DOON THE BARNIES.

The barnies cuddle doon at night
Wi' muckle fauch an' din;
"Oh, try an' sleep, ye waif

He had plenty of time before him. And Jocko reared, and growled, and chattered, intimating his desire to get at him in a very unpleasant manner.

But Ben Gummy kept his seat, merely saying:

"You wait—me fixee you—bimeby—present!"

And so an hour or more passed away. The moon rose and shed a silvery radiance down through the glass skylight, making all objects plainly visible.

"Aha!" cried Ben Gummy, "that is good!" The ape appeared to be of the same opinion. Ben Gummy's quiescent state had made him tolerably quiet himself, but this flood of light set him on the rampage again.

He bounded forward to the full extent of his chain, tugging at it fiercely; then he would rear up on his hind legs or arms (naturalists tell us these animals are quadruman, not quadruped), and gnash his teeth, and then go over sprawling on his back, pulled over by his chain. And then he would back toward Ben Gummy stern foremost, and shake his stub of a tail at him in a highly aggressive manner.

Ben Gummy took out his club, concealing it behind him, and crept stealthily toward Jocko, and while he was performing this stern maneuver he gave him a resounding blow.

The ape turned tail like a flash and retreated against the wall to the place where his chain was fastened.

"How you likee dat, he?" inquired Ben Gummy, triumphantly.

The big monkey did not like it, his actions showed that plainly. He growled ferociously, and gnashed his teeth in a diabolical fashion. In fact, Jocko was in a fearful state of rage, and he made up his mind to tear Ben Gummy into infinitesimal shreds—if he could only get his paws on him. Yet at the same time he evinced a degree of caution in making another spring.

Probably he was waiting for Ben Gummy to come within the limit of his chain.

Ben Gummy, however, was equally cautious, though somewhat elated by the success of his first attack.

"I have put a tail on him," he said; "but I must not forget to head."

Fergus' advice was having good results.

Ben Gummy stood erect, and holding his club prepared advanced boldly toward Jocko. The moonbeams still poured brightly down into the attic, and they surrounded Jocko with a silvery halo, which rendered his natural ugliness all the more conspicuous.

"Ohe! you bigee brute!" cried Ben Gummy.

Jocko accepted the challenge and dashed ferociously at the boy; but Ben Gummy had foreseen this, and he stepped nimbly back, giving him a rap on the right paw, which disabled that member for the time, and caused Jocko to howl with rage and pain.

"How high was that?" cried Ben, exultingly.

Jocko made furious attempts to get at him, gnashing his teeth in the most ferocious manner, but the stout chain withstood all his efforts.

Keeping out of his reach, and watching his opportunity, Ben Gummy got another good blow at him, and disabled his left paw.

Jocko retreated back to the wall howling dismally. He was almost beside himself now with rage and pain.

Ben Gummy watched him narrowly, keeping at a safe distance.

"I have yet to put de head on him," he said.

"Ah—ah! you scratch mee—you givee mee biggee fleas—you bitee mee—how you likee to have your nose brokee, eh, eh?"

Jocko made a movement against the wall which seemed to indicate a desire upon his part to find some hole large enough for him to crawl into. While he was thus engaged Ben Gummy made a dash at him and administered a smart blow on his hind quarters, and then dodged swiftly back again.

It was well he did so, for Jocko was after him the moment he received the blow, raging more furiously than ever, and tugging fiercely at his chain.

Ben Gummy faced him and tapped him thrice on the nose with his club. The third tap sent Jocko down on all fours, and he crawled back to the wall, howling piteously. Ben Gummy gave him a parting blow on the back as he retreated, and then danced back out of danger.

The little Italian boy was greatly elated by his success.

"Begar! I ave put de headee onto him—ver' mochee—good! Ohe! you ugly brute! I vill bustee you so zat you s'all nevaair no more bitee mee!"

He dared Jocko to another attack, but that intelligent ape was satisfied that he had had enough of it. Finding that Jocko would not again attack him, Ben Gummy began to force the fighting.

The moonlighted attic presented a scene as ludicrous as the mind can conceive. The monkey crouched against the sloping wall, howling dismally, and Ben Gummy would dance up to him, give him a blow, and dance back again, laughing shrilly every time that Jocko gave a yell of pain.

There was something elfish in the boy's antics; and Jocko found him indeed a tormenting fiend.

There is a limit to human endurance, and brute natures are not stronger. Jocko began to find his punishment more than he could put up with. There was not a part of his carcass now that had not been visited by Ben Gummy's club. His body smarted as if it had been stung with a thousand pins.

Despair is a strong agent, and Jocko was desperate, for it appeared to him that Ben Gummy would never weary of this ceaseless flagellation, and desperation gave him a strength that rage had failed to supply; with a fierce wrench he tore the screw-eye from the floor, for it had been loosened by his previous struggles.

He was free. Ben Gummy retreated to his corner and stood on the defensive. Jocko loose and Jocko chained were two different affairs. The contest assumed a new and serious aspect. The boy's heart began to beat painfully. Jocko might prove too powerful an antagonist under this change of position. But he never flinched. He grasped his club resolutely and prepared for the worst.

"Ohe! he ave got away!" he cried. "He vill puttee a headee on me now, if I do not mindee ver' mochee—ah, ah!"

Jocko, however, had no thought of attacking the boy; his only thought appeared to be to get out of the place where he had been so severely punished, and the moment he found himself free he bounded to the step-ladder leading to the roof, and clambered hurriedly up it.

This movement amazed Ben Gummy.

"Ohe! he is run away!" he cried. "Come a you back—ohee; de padrone he killa mee if de monkee be lost!"

This was a dilemma that Ben Gummy had

never thought of when he was so delightedly castigating the ape.

"Come a you back!" he shouted, authoritatively. "Come back!"

Jocko never heeded this command, but persisted in his attempt to get out on the roof in the most expeditious manner possible.

He threw back the glass skylight in order to make his egress, and the broken glass rattled upon the roof as it was thrown violently back.

Jocko disappeared through the aperture. Ben Gummy dropped his club in dismay, and rushed to the steps; he saw the chain gliding up, something after the manner of a snake, and rattling as it went. Ben Gummy grasped at it, secured it, and clutched it with both hands.

He gave it a vigorous tug; an angry squeal answered it, and the body of Jocko appeared over the skylight-way.

"Ah—ah! I ave gottee you!" cried Ben Gummy, triumphantly.

But his exultation was premature. Jocko was by no means disposed to yield. He clutched the frame of the skylight with all four of his hands and Ben Gummy soon found that he could not budge him an inch.

He tugged and tugged until the perspiration streamed from every pore in his body, and then he was obliged to relinquish his efforts from sheer fatigue.

"Ohe!" he cried, despairingly, "I s'all nevaair gettee him down—nevaair—nevaair!"

During Ben Gummy's exertions Jocko held fast to his perch and grinned down at the perspiring boy, showing his teeth in a very suggestive manner, but the moment Ben Gummy desisted from his efforts, he began to crawl away from the scuttles.

Breathless and panting, and clinging desperately to the chain, Ben Gummy found himself dragged slowly up the ladder. Step by step, up he went, making occasional pauses by bracing his knees and feet in every convenient obstacle.

Jocko's strength was the superior, and Ben Gummy found to his cost that he was in a bad way; then it occurred to him, for the first time, to call for assistance, and he began to shout lustily for help.

He shouted, and Jocko chattered, and between them they made considerable uproar. Jocko got astride of the ridge of the roof, and Ben Gummy braced himself in the scuttle-way. Matters had reached a crisis. Ben Gummy must relinquish his hold or be drawn out on the sloping roof, running the risk of being precipitated from thence and dashed to pieces upon the sidewalk beneath.

Ben Gummy's short black hair bristled up in wiry straightness at the situation. If he let the monkey go he felt sure the padrone would kill him, and if he did not let him go he would be dragged to sure destruction. It was a trying moment.

"Comee you back, Jocko!" he cried, coaxingly; but Jocko knowing he had the best of it would not be persuaded.

He uttered shrill cries and tugged violently at the chain.

At the moment that Ben Gummy, finding himself going out at the scuttle, felt that he must let go his hold or perish, aid came to him suddenly and most unexpectedly.

A man's head appeared from the scuttle of the adjoining house, and a rough voice exclaimed:

"How in thunder do you think a man can sleep when you are making such an infernal racket?"

Then he discovered one of the causes of the uproar.

"Aha! it's one of those cursed Italians' blasted monkeys," he continued. "I'll fix you, you beast!"

He disappeared, but he quickly returned, and the sharp reports of a revolver, as he opened fire upon Jocko, explained the cause of his disappearance.

Ben Gummy let go the chain at the first shot, and slid down the ladder, landing upon the floor of the attic in a terrible fright; and the next moment Jocko came tumbling down upon him, in a worse fright than the boy experienced.

The man had, fortunately for Jocko, missed him, but he had sent two bullets whistling so close to Jocko's left ear that the ape was scared beyond measure, and he had retreated to his abandoned attic, the tamest monkey that ever wore a tail.

He crouched down beside Ben Gummy claiming his protection.

And now the padrone and two of his friends appeared at the door of the attic, which he had hastily unlocked, for this uproar had disturbed them at their cups below.

The padrone carried a tallow candle in his hand.

"What's all this row?" he demanded.

"What are you and Jocko doing?"

"He breaka away, and I bringee him back," replied Ben Gummy.

"Hah! loose!" cried the padrone.

He gave the candle to one of his friends, and fastened the screw-eye securely in the floor.

"How did this happen?" he inquired of Ben Gummy.

That youth told him a plausible story, without alluding to the beating he had given Jocko, and the padrone was satisfied.

"Lucky for you he didn't get away," he said. "And lucky for me that fool didn't kill him with his pistol. He can't get away again. Now go to sleep."

"I vill sleep ver' sound now," replied Ben Gummy; and he did.

The padrone and the others retired, and the door was locked as before. But Ben Gummy had no longer any fear of Jocko. That intelligent ape never tried to bite him again.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE HORN SOUNDS.

FERGUS FEARNIGHT was not pleased with his quarters on Blackwell's Island. Nothing rankles more in the human breast than a sense of injustice, or oppression.

The boy knew that he was enduring an unmerited punishment, that he had not committed any crime, and that he was unjustly restrained of his liberty, and he resolved to regain that liberty as soon as an opportunity presented itself.

He believed that opportunity would soon be furnished him. He treasured in his memory the words whispered to him by the mysterious Mr. John Jackson, and at night he listened for the sound of the horn.

But the first night passed away and he did not hear it. He was greatly disappointed, for youth is always eager in its expectations.

He fancied that it must have sounded while he slept, for sleep had surprised him during his vigil notwithstanding his determination to remain awake throughout the night.

"I will be more wakeful to-night," he resolved, as the shades of the second evening began to fall.

"It's so warm to-night that I shan't look

your door," the turnkey told him. "I guess you won't try to get away."

With this he winked at Fergus with his left eye in a very significant manner and retired. Fergus was not slow of apprehension. He had an idea that the horn would sound that night, and that the turnkey had been bribed to connive at his escape.

Darker grew the shades of night, and as the gloom gathered around him Fergus' impatience increased. He saw that there was no prospect of a moon, a circumstance favorable to his escape; so he thought:

"Mr. Jackson would be more likely to come on a dark night than when the moon shines."

He watched and listened, and about ten o'clock to his great delight he heard the horn sound.

It was far out upon the river, but the night breeze bore the sound to his listening ears—the concerted signal, three notes: toot—toot—toot.

"There he is!" exclaimed Fergus delightedly. "He's come for me. Now I'll just get out of this lively. Clever chap that turnkey to leave the door unlocked for me."

He stole gently into the corridor, and found the door at the end of it unlocked.

This led into the yard, but this yard was inclosed by an iron picket-fence, and a sentinel was stationed there.

Fergus knew nothing of this fact until he was nimbly scaling the picket-fence, when he was loudly commanded to stop.

"Hold on, or I'll fire!" shouted the sentinel.

"I am holding on," replied Fergus, as he balanced himself on the iron spikes.

"Come back!"

"Ne'er a back!"

Bang went the musket, but Fergus had dropped on the other side of the fence as the gun flashed and the bullet passed harmlessly over his head. He gathered himself up and ran swiftly toward the beach.

"I shall have to swim for it!" he thought, as he sped along at a rapid rate.

Toot—toot—toot, sounded the horn, out upon the bosom of the river, the sound coming strangely and mysteriously from the gloom that gathered like a pall over the face of the water.

The alarm was loudly sounded behind Fergus, but he paid no heed to it. He directed his course by the sound of the horn, reached the river's brink, cast off his prison shoes, and plunged boldly into the water.

An excellent swimmer, he increased the distance between himself and the shore rapidly, never stopping to look back but striking forward with brave determination.

When he thought he had got out of musket-range of the shore, he paused, began to tread water, and looked back. He could see lanterns gleaming along the shore, and he knew that the keepers and guards were looking for him; but he had an idea it was more for form's sake, and to keep their record clear, than from any anxiety to recapture him.

"There they are, and here I am, and where's the boat?" he said.

Toot—toot—toot, sounded the horn, away to his left.

"There it is! I wonder if I can't bring it up to me?"

He put two fingers of his right hand in his mouth and produced that shrill whistle that boys so well understand; but in that gloom, and in that place, it sounded like the cry of some water bird.

The horn immediately answered it, which showed that Mr. John Jackson had heard and understood the signal.

Fergus began to swim again in the direction of the sound. Soon he heard the movement of oars, and then the form of a boat came through the gloom.

"Fergus!" called out a voice, that he recognized at once as belonging to Mr. John Jackson.

"Here!" he answered.

"Good boy! you're the ticket, every time. Give me your hand. Now then!"

Fergus extended his hand to Jackson, who slid his hand down his arm and gripped him by the shoulder, and then lifted him with ease into the boat, saying:

"There you are, my hearty!"

"Thank you," replied Fergus.

"You're welcome. Didn't I tell you I'd do it?"

"You did—and you have," rejoined Fergus, laughingly.

Mr. John Jackson joined him with a grim kind of a chuckle.

"When I say I'll do a thing, you can just bet your bottom dollar it's got to come. Socco never went back on his word yet!"

"Who's Socco?" inquired Fergus, bewildered by this allusion.

"That's me," he responded.

"I thought your name was Jackson?"

"So it is—that's other's a pet name that my friends have given me—John Jackson, alias Socco. See?"

A deep drawn sigh came from the stern of the boat, and Fergus, turning, became conscious that there was another person in the boat, for he could dimly see a human form in the stern.

"Hallo! got a friend here?" he cried, with his usual bluntness.

"Yes, that's a particular friend of mine," answered Socco—to give him his favorite name—with a chuckle; "I'll give you an introduction, but shake those prison duds first. Here's a suit of clothes I brought for you."

This consideration surprised Fergus. He could not account for the interest that Mr. John Jackson, alias Socco, took in his welfare.

"Oh! you'll pay me back some time," answered Socco, with another chuckle. "I can put you up to a dodge where we can make lots of money."

Fergus thought he heard another sigh in the stern of the boat, but he was not sure of it. It was evident that it did not reach Socco's ears for he continued his discourse.

"Shed those striped togs and pitch them overboard," he went on. "You won't have no further use for them, I reckon. Do you want a little light on the subject? I've got a lantern here."

"Won't they see it from the shore?"

"Not much—not the way we'll fix it. Turn on the glim, Moll."

A gleam of light was shed upon Fergus and Socco by the person in the stern, who held a dark lantern. This was done by pushing back the shade.

Fergus stripped off his prison suit and cast it into the river, and then dressed himself in the suit that Socco had provided. He had selected a suit as near Fergus' size as he could guess, and he had not made a bad one.

The whole thing was complete from head to foot: cap, coat, vest, pantaloons, shirt, necktie, stockings and shoes.

"That's an odd name your friend has got," said Fergus, as he dressed himself.

"Oh, odd, how?"

"Moll—queer name for a man."

"A man—oh, yes!" Socco laughed here quite heartily. "Yes, yes, it's a queer name for a man."

Fergus wondered what he saw so funny about it.

"How do they fit?" inquired Socco, when Fergus was attired.

"A trifle large, but they'll do."

"Better be too large than too small—give you a chance to grow, you know."

All this time the boat had been drifting slowly with the tide. Socco now stepped past Fergus, and took the lantern from the person in the stern, then he stepped back to Fergus, and turned the light of the lantern upon his friend.

"See here, Ferg, my boy!" he cried.

"Here's Mister Moll; take a good look at him!" And he chuckled pleasantly.

Fergus looked curiously at Socco's friend, and he was greatly surprised when he saw a slight figure, and a pale face, framed with dark hair, a pair of large eyes, which had a staring, mournful look, and eyebrows of such inky blackness that they seemed to have been painted upon the pale face, and not to have grown there naturally.

"Why, he's only a boy!" exclaimed Fergus.

"He isn't a boy," returned Socco, who seemed to be enjoying a splendid joke.

"Isn't he?" rejoined Fergus, dubiously.

"He isn't a he, but a she!"

"It's my wife, Ferg—my wife, Mary, though I oftener call her Moll."

"But why have you dressed her up like a boy?" demanded Fergus, surprisedly.

"She always dresses that way when she goes on an expedition with me; it makes it harder for her to move round," answered Socco.

"She don't make a bad looking boy, does she?"

"She looks nice."

Socco gave the lantern back to the disguised woman.

"She's been as true as steel to me," he said; "and I guess, Ferg, that you are a boy that wouldn't go back on a pal, particularly when he's been a good friend to you."

"I never go back on anybody."

"That's what I thought. I set you down as a true blue, the first time I clapped my eyes on your good-looking face. Now, just squat yourself forward there and I'll take the oars. I always row and she steers. I let the boat float while you was fixing 'cause the tide was taking us in the right direction."

Socco bent to the oars and sent the boat swiftly forward. Sitting in the bow of the boat Fergus gazed over the dark surface of the water and wondered what his strange companions were, and whether they were going.

His brain was in quite a whirl over the singular events of the night.

But there were stranger things yet to happen before that eventful night ended.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 309.)

BLEEDING FROM LUNGS, CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION. A WONDERFUL CURE.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 13th, 1874.

Dear Sir—I have suffered from Catarrh in an aggravated form for about twelve years, and for several years from Bronchitis. Tried many doctors and things with no lasting benefit. In May, '72, becoming nearly worn out with excessive Editorial labors on a paper in New York City, I was attacked with Bronchitis in a severe form, suffering almost a total loss of voice. I returned home here, but had not been home only two weeks when I was completely prostrated with Hemorrhage from the lungs, having four severe bleedings within two weeks, and first three inside of nine days. In the September following I improved sufficiently to be able to be about, but in a very feeble state. My Bronchitis trouble remained, and the Catarrh was tenfold worse than before. Every effort for relief seemed fruitless. I seemed to be losing ground daily. I continued in this feeble state, raising blood almost daily until about the first of March, '73, when I became so bad as to be entirely confined to the house. A friend suggested your remedies. But I was extremely skeptical that they would do me good, as I had lost all heart in remedies, and began to look upon medicine and doctors with distrust. However, I obtained one of your circulars and read it carefully, from which I came to the conclusion that you understood your business at least. I finally obtained a quantity of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, your Golden Medical Discovery and Pellets, and commenced their vigorous use according to directions. To my surprise, I soon began to improve. The Discovery and Pellets in a short time brought out a severe eruption, which continued for several weeks. I felt much better, my appetite improved, and I gained in strength and flesh. In three months every vestige of the Catarrh was gone, the Bronchitis had nearly disappeared, and no cough whatever, and I had entirely ceased to raise blood, and contrary to my expectation of some of my friends, the cure has remained permanent. I have had no more Hemorrhages from the lungs, and am entirely free from Catarrh, from which I had suffered so much, and so long. The debt of gratitude I owe for the blessing long. I have received at your hands knows no bounds. I am thoroughly satisfied, from my experience, that your medicines will master the worst forms of that odious disease, Catarrh, as well as Throat and Lung Diseases. I have recommended them to very many, and shall ever speak in their praise.

Gratefully yours,

WM. H. SPENCER.

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Sunshine Papers.

Mrs. Landlady's Thoughts on Frauds.
SUGGESTED BY OLEOMARGARIN.

"So, here have I oleomargarin, to give my boarders. Not that I meant to deary me, no! I'd rather have gone without the stuff to fix over my best alpaca dress, than got swindled so; for what-else else my boarders may say, out o' my hearin', they can't say Betsy Landlady gives them poor butter to eat. I never could endure anything but good butter; and I've never made a point of havin' better eatin' for my own mouth nor I give my boarders; like some women I know of, who are gettin' rich on keepin' a boardin'-house, while I just manage to make both ends meet, and to think I should have gone and laid out my money on that cheat and fraud; and me so innocent, thinkin' it pure Orange county!"

"It all comes of beavin' that rascally dealer. Didn't he say it was made from the 'rich-est lactical fountains that flow in Orange county'? Lactical fountains, indeed! Beef-fat and carrots! And it has to go on my table for a whole week, and Miss Aires just a movin' into the third-front, and she one of the fidgity kind. Well, well; who shall one believe, to be sure? Though catch me gettin' took in on such another fraud; for oleomargarin is a fraud so long as it's sold for butter. But, 'tisn't the only one in the world, after all. Here's the coffee; adulterated, of course, though I try to get good."

"Here, Ann, come and put the coffee away! Such a world! Cheatin' everywhere—from the sand and chichory in the breakfast cups to the very smiles on people's faces. What was it I heard Mr. Parody sayin', at table, yesterday?"

"For ways that are dark, and for tricks that are vain."

This sage is peculiar.

Which the same I am free to maintain."

"Yes, it's very peculiar. Here can't I go to the store, to buy anything that I don't feel I'm gettin' an article mixed up with all manners of messes. No matter how easy it is to procure, and how cheaply it may be bought, if it's got to go through any process before its ready for sale, don't the dealers ransack the elements to find something cheaper to adulterate it with?"

"Then there are the marketmen. Just as if I don't know how the bottom of their baskets are poked up, scandalously; and that all the fine fruit is on the top! And they do say that the merchants re-dye shabby laces, and trimmings, and all goods that have ceased to be a fashionable color, and sell them for new. And the mechanics, who manufacture our furniture and build our houses, practice all kinds of tricks for gettin' much money for mighty little work; to say nothing of the men who have the makin' of public works and things, and are constantly sacrificin' human life to their cheatin' cheapness and impostures."

"What did you say, Ann? Mrs. Aristocrat wants her dinner served in her room, to-day? Very well, I'll attend to it."

"Talkin' of frauds; there's that woman! She is what I call a case of Simon-pure adulteration; wholesale cheatin'! The way she goes on, is enough to surprise the angels in heaven. Orderin' her dinners served in her room, indeed; as if she had a gold mine to pay me from; and puttin' on as many airs as if she was John Jacob Astor's sole descendant, with all her trunks and finery! And the trunks all full of old paper and rags, and the finery all she owns to her name; with never a decent bit of clothes to her back, save what's seen by any one with two eyes. And does she think she can impose on Betsey Landlady by two or three fair dresses, and enough airs to supply half the women in creation, and one month's board in advance! No, no! No dinner served up stairs to her! She can eat with the rest of the boarders, this her seventh week and last; and the oleomargarin's quite good enough for her!"

"Ah, deary me! Between the people who cheat and the people who are cheaters, there's little choice. Though, I do believe I think the last are the most despicable. There was Miss Farisee, who made her livin' as secretary of some religious society, and was always quotin' scripture, and rollin' up her eyes in holy horror at a joke, and talkin' about self-denial, and charity, and good works. She could go to meetin' in the very awfulest weather, but when poor Miss Gentel was sick, in the next room, her health wouldn't allow her to sit up with a neighbor for three hours of an evenin', and when

we was all givin' what we could to make up a purse for Miss Gentel, to send her home to the West, to recruit awhile, didn't Miss Farisee refuse a cent, sayin' she felt it her duty to refuse to encourage idleness? The cruel-hearted creature."

"And if there ever was a person that could rile me up completely it was that wicked wretch of a Mr. Cellish, 'my dearin'' his wife, and 'my lovin'' his two little girls at the table, until it fairly made you feel quailin'; and he goin' out every blessed night to club or entertainment and lettin' Mrs. Cellish die by inches, never allowin' her a pleasure, and swearin' a blue streak at her if she asked for so much as a decent pair of slippers to wear down among the boarders. If he wasn't the wretchedest kind of a fraud, I never saw one."

"Here, Ann! Use that butter, that just came home, entirely for cookin'; and I'll go to the nearest grocery and get some other for dinner. No oleomargarin goes on my table as the pure article so long as Betsy Landlady advertises a 'good family boardin'-house.'"

"Though, to be sure, the stuff is quite all some people I know deserve. Only 'tisn't for me to become a cheat because other people are!"

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

TWO ANSWERS.

ANNIE wants to know what I think of a girl who is continually running after a young man, who follows him about as a pet dog does its master, or as if she were tied to him with a string, and could not bear to have him out of her sight, to follow him so much as to cause persons to remark on her conduct.

Well, Annie, in the first place I must say I shouldn't think anything of her, for it seems to me no girl, who has the slightest idea of the proprieties, would so mistake her rights or her duty. To do so implies that she must be either love cracked, or a "little green," or somewhat deficient in brains. I think if she were a daughter or a sister of mine she would get a talking to that would last her a "month of Sundays." How any girl, with any sort of sense, can so lower her dignity, is a marvel to me.

As for the young man she follows. I pity him from the bottom of my heart and I should think he would become so thoroughly disgusted that he would tell her that her presence was disagreeable. If I were a man, and a girl was to follow me about in that manner, I should be sickened so thoroughly that I'd never want to see the girl's face again.

It used to be the fashion for the girls to stay home and let the fellows come and see them, and act with some little maiden reserve, but now-a-days it seems different. I think the old fashion was the best, and certainly there were not so many forward girls as there are now. Why has this change come? Is this style what is called "The Girl of the Period"? Well, a period should be put to it—that is, a full stop. If this sort of thing goes on much longer it will not elevate society in any great degree. Let us be charitable enough, Annie, to suppose the girl in question lacks the required knowledge of what is right and what is wrong—that she knows no difference between maiden reserve and Tom-boy forwardness, and so we will dismiss her from the scene with as much pleasure as I would were she an acquaintance of mine, which I am very glad to say she is not.

Estella is worried in her mind to know what to do with herself as she often finds time hang heavy on her hands, and this time hang so heavily makes her cross, snappish, morbid and morose. Estella is not the only one situated that way; there are hundreds of girls suffering from the same dire complaint. They are, like Estella, "cross, snappish, morbid and morose," and some of them do not know the cause of their being so. It is simple enough to me. It is because they do nothing rather than because they have nothing to do, for it seems to me there must be something for every one to do in this great working world of ours. Idleness brings on many diseases, and makes one disagreeable to himself and to every one with whom he comes in contact.

Nothing to do! That's a most foolish way of talking. Were our faculties only given to have them rust! Were the days and weeks and months placed at our command only to be wasted! Search out others who have too much to do and take some of the burdens from their shoulders, and bear them yourselves. This seems to be a duty for us all to do, but it is a duty most sadly neglected. Our aid is certainly wanted somewhere. Somebody needs an encouraging word and a helping hand. You'll not have to take a long journey or make a great search to find this some one. The worker is happier than the drone; there is something to occupy his attention and divert his thoughts from running into gloomy channels, and when one is working for, and benefiting others, the labor is surely a pleasant one. The real workers never find time hang heavy on their hands; they improve every moment and, when they are called to account, as to the use they have made of their talents, that account will be a favorable one.

I pity persons who sit with their hands in their lap and moan because they think they have nothing to do. Their lot must be a wretched one and their thoughts none of the pleasantest! I don't envy them their riches, or fine dresses, or brown-stone houses. I wouldn't change place with them if I could. I'd sooner have the toothache!

And so I answer Estella, and all those who are as badly off as she is, to turn over several new leaves, to give up moping, to cultivate a "helping" disposition, to find some work to do—and do it.

EVE LAWLESS.

Spring Fashions for Men.

THERE is more than the usual variety this spring in the cut of gentlemen's garments. Fashionable city tailors seem to be breaking away from arbitrary rules, and are depending more than ever before upon their own tastes and preferences. A complete description of the spring fashions for gentlemen would therefore include the fashion-plates of nearly all the leading tailors, but there are some points of style in which they all agree, and which will be followed by other tailors throughout the country as constituting the spring fashions for 1876.

The ordinary reception suit, worn at church and at all parties and social events where full dress is not required, consists this season of a double-breasted frock-coat, of fine diagonal cloth, either black or dark blue; a waistcoat of the same material or of white duck, and trousers of striped brown or gray cloth, generally of light color. The coat is cut in the same way as last year except that the sleeves are fuller and the skirts a trifle longer. The binding is of narrow silk.

The waistcoat, except for evening dress, will

be of the same material as the coat and cut high in the waist and single-breasted with notched collar.

Trowsers will be cut loose and straight. Brown and gray striped cassimeres will predominate as material. For evening dress, when a white vest is worn, light gray will be considered the more becoming for trowsers; otherwise either light or dark colors may be worn.

Most business suits and walking suits will be made of Scotch and English plaids in subdued colors or small checks, coat, waistcoat and trowsers all of the same cloth. Strongly-marked plaids will be worn only by those persons who can afford to have several suits at a time, and to present a frequent variety in apparel. Small checks so woven as to make almost imperceptible plaids are to be much worn. The prevailing style of business coat will be a single-breasted sack-coat with one, two, or three buttons. When the coat has more than one button the skirts are cut away sharply from the lower one. A single-breasted, one-button sack-coat, cut straight in front and with "patch" pockets, will be very popular as a coat for the sea-side or country. The business vest will be cut high in the waist, single-breasted, and without a collar. The trowsers will be fuller than for dress suits, straight and wide at the foot. There will be a great variety in color of business suits, but brown and gray will be most fashionable.

Perhaps the most marked change from last spring in men's fashions is a tendency toward subdued and unobtrusive colors and figures. The more economical and modest in dress will naturally favor it, and the Scotch and English weavers have done much in their work to further such a tendency among the richer classes. With many fine pieces of English goods recently imported, it is difficult to tell without looking closely whether they are plaids or checks, so nicely are the different colors blended and arranged. Either at a distance or near at hand they have a very attractive appearance.

Foolscap Papers.

A Few Notes, Oiled.

I WRITE this by the light of a coal-oil lamp. The old days of tallow-candle are burned out, and like a charred wick, have crumbled away, or have been snuffed off by the fingers of old Time. Coal-oil has boiled up and the tallow dip has gone out.

I have just returned from a trip to Oilville, whither I had gone on a trip of greasy curiosity to see oil in its native purity, and while there took a few notes on the (greasy) spot.

The citizens there talk nothing but oil; in fact, they talk oil the time.

Petroleum in that section is considered to be the fat of the land in the most practical sense. One of the easiest ways in the world to get into that town is to slide in.

Whenever they get tired of a citizen there, they just grease him and let him slip out. They are slick fellows.

When a fellow goes up to a bar, he just asks for a little more coal-oil with sugar, if you please.

The people there have the oiliest tongues you ever heard, and they are the slickest of talkers.

The milkman brings you your measure of milk, and you set it away, not for cream to rise to the top, but to allow the oil to come to the surface, which is skimmed off and thrown away.

In speaking of a man's wealth they do not estimate it in dollars, but say he is worth so many barrels a day.

All you have got to do is to bore a hole in the ground and put a faucet in it and you can furnish the world with the pleasing material to make the morning fires with.

If you want to grease your boots, all you have to do is to go out and dip them in the creek.

I should certainly be a very peaceable place, for the people get along smoothly and no disturbance could arise, since there is always oil upon the waters. Even the course of true love runs smooth.

I approached an industrious, oily-looking man who was boring a hole in the ground with a gimlet, and inquired if he was in search of oil. He wiped the perspiring kerosene from his brow and informed me he was after water, but the chances were that he would strike oil. It was just his luck, and if he was boring for it he'd most surely strike water. I inquired how far he would have to go to find oil. "Well," said he, "this is the jolliest farm in these here borings. There's coal-oil under the whole of it. I can't put in a post-hole anywhere, hardly, but what the oil bursts out, and then there's the deuce to pay, and the hole to stop up. Why, mister, I daren't throw a lighted match down on this farm for fear it will take fire and burn up. You may think this is an oily story, but it ain't."

This man was old Pete Rollum himself; he was evidently a man who didn't like to tell a lie, but he could make the truth a pretty big thing in case of a pinch.

Of course I got the oil fever, and it broke out on me badly. I wanted to buy a well. A fellow who had oil enough about his clothes to last a family a week, told me with oil in his eyes that he had just such a well as I wanted. I asked him if it was portable. He assured me it was not. I told him I would much prefer to purchase one of that kind of wells.

He took me down to the foot of the hill and set it in operation. He swore a greasy oath that it would run twenty barrels a day without ever getting tired. I bought it. I afterward found that the well ran forty-two gallons in forty-two minutes and then stopped. It wouldn't run any more until the barrel, further up the hill, which fed it, was filled up again. That was a greasy trick, but I find it is one of the vagaries which in fits of abstraction the people there occasionally play off upon speculators in search of recreation.

A traveler finds that money gets so greasy by handling that it slips away before you are aware of it.

I was there only one day and got but one grease spot on my clothes; that is to say, the spot reached all over me, and stuck in.

It is the only locality I ever saw where a fellow who doesn't amount to much can literally set the river on fire without any trouble at all.

Sometimes a fellow will attempt to sink a well to raise a fortune, but will sink a fortune without raising a well. His hopes grease their feet and slip up.

Many a man who attempted to bore down into the earth has found that it bore down very heavily on him.

At dinner we had fish smothered in coal oil; turkey with kerosene dressing; mutton with petroleum gravy and salad with petroleum crudit.

I have often wondered where all the oil comes from, but when I was there I wondered where it all goes to.

Everything is oleaginous there, and everybody is an oily-genius as near as I could make out.

The wells are stationary but you will find them running all over the country wherever they like.

The way they make an oil well is this: they first make a long hole, sharpen the end with an ax and drive it into the ground, unless it should bend or break off, as it very often does. Let us blow out the light.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

—A Benton County, Iowa, man had \$600 in the spare room stove. The next day his wife's mouth was camis down during his absence for a three weeks' visit, and that spare room was warmed up for the first time in three hundred years. And they say you can pick up shreds of that man's hair and clothes, where he clubbed himself around the country when he heard of it, anywhere within the ten miles of the house. Who would blame—his mother-in-law for coming, or his wife for lighting the fire, or himself for putting the money in the stove? What's the next Presidency to him?

—During the prevalent fear that the Colorado potato-bug will be introduced into Europe, an equally or even more dangerous pest has actually made its appearance in Germany in the shape of the African locust, *Acridium migratorium*, which has been found in fields where the insects have laid waste extensive tracts of land covered with good crops of grass and grain. Appreciating the necessity of prompt measures, however, the proprietors of the lands put a large force to work and succeeded in destroying a great part of the insects before they could escape, digging numerous ditches and canals into which they could be swept and then covered with lime. Whether these insects laid their eggs before they were killed of course imposes the knowledge at present. We'd like to see the poor fool who would try that game on the Colorado beetle! Why, that bug would warm himself by the lime fire and then cry for more. If Europe invites our beetle over for a visit she'll wish Columbus hadn't discovered America.

I tell you what's a fact, men; none of you hasn't never seen no runnin'. I used a dryer run wunst. Hit were a spike back, an' he war stretched out well; he warn't bigger'n a she-string. Talk about movin'! The shadder on a buzzard-drapplin' to kyarn hain't nowher! I had a blue-speckled houn' what had a tetch o' rayloun' in him, and he war arse that dyer. He'd nipped him the thick an' here he comes a 'fawly' limberin' through them flat piney woods. It tuck my breath away to look at 'im. He'd a coteh that dyer too, shore, but just as he got aguin' he he struck a whalin' big pine plum centree, head foremost. He stove his splintered bones three inches inter the wood! The lick jarred the pine straw off the top limbs! When he struck, his line legs dopped round the tree an' I hearn the toe-nails what jerked out a rattlin' agin the pines fifty yards ahead! Hit's a fact."

"Do you know the prisoner at the bar?" demanded Judge.

"Know him at the bar, Judge? Know him at the bar? Well, you're jest shoutin'; he's very peculiar in his way o' drinkin', and no one as has ever seed him at a bar would forget as how he pours out his licker in an absent-minded sort o' way till the glass is ready to run over, then he'll take a drink with his eye, slighte through it, sighs like a graveyard, takes a step backward, slings out his tacker, says, 'To yer, old pard,' shuts his eyes, throws back his head and swallows the bitters with a groan. Know him at the bar?—you're mighty right, Judge—you're mighty right."

To-day Washington is in many respects the most delightful city in the Union, and during the sessions of Congress it becomes the most interesting city. Numbers of wealthy Senators, members of the House, private gentlemen and lobbyists have built, bought or rented large and magnificent dwellings, which they occupy at this time, but abandon during the summer and fall, when Washington is a sweltering waste. The crowds who fill the hotels and boarding-houses are composed of heterogeneous social materials, whose fusion would be impossible anywhere else—even in another American city. They consist of Government officials of every grade; Government employes, male and female, numbering thousands; politicians and office-seekers from the several States and Territories; men looking after patents and pensions and applying for claims; men and women on hobby-horses or on the water for money-making opportunities; and a host of other people, some of whom are anxious to bring their daughters "out" in the most withering social glare, and vast numbers of curiosity-hunters, lovers of excitement and vagabonds, with a considerable number of reputable, respectable and refined people. Elements like these, separately elsewhere, become so confounded in the blaze and riot of "Washington society" that you can scarcely tell one from another.

—The Khedive of Egypt lately gave a dinner to some American guests whom he wanted specially to honor, and he "did it up" so extravagantly that one is reminded of Cleopatra, Egypt's first-class flirt, when she disclosed a pearl for Anthony's indigestion. "Respecting one of the guests of that feast," writes one who was there, "composed of peculiarly small and delicate rice stewed in a consomme of calves' brains, I cannot forbear reproducing a statement made to me by my neighbor at table, one of the great dignitaries of the Khedive's Court: 'I cordially recommend that rice to you.' His Excellency: 'In the first place, because it is a really admirable dish, in the preparation of which his Highness's chef excels all others; and secondly, because it is probably the most expensive meal ever set before anybody since the days of the great emperors. Every grain of that rice, my dear sir, costs the Khedive a louis. I venture to appraise your consumption of it at \$250 a mouthful. That hook you have just been drinking is not an absolutely cheap wine; Ismael Pasha took all he could get of it at 68 francs a bottle—about \$14; but, in comparison to his rice, he may be considered to have got it for nothing. That rice is of a peculiar sort, grown on the Khedive's own estates; it is consequently the most costly article that appears upon the vice-regal table.'"

—And talking of the Khedive and his newly-developed civilization, reminds us of the more extraordinary fact that the heathen Japanese are even now so rapidly becoming "enlightened" as to make their past seem like a dream. A writer from Washington who has seen and observed closely the Japanese minister and his wife (Mr. and Mrs. Yoshida), gives us this glimpse of the pretty lady of the Orient: "Her English vocabulary consists, I am told, of about six words; and it is a strange study to see her at the opera, her whole attention fixed almost to a strain upon the doings of the mimic scene, the actions of the players, and especially their songs; while at every movement she eagerly turns to her husband (who is acquainted with English, and is besides provided with a libretto, which he is engaged in the somewhat disheartening task of making head and tail off, and we can see that she is saying to him in choicest and most fragrant Japanese, 'Oh, hubby, what are they doing now? Why does that man with a red wig distort his mouth when he sings? Why do the people laugh? What makes all the performers run around this little box in front of the stage? What alls them all, generally and individually? Mrs. Yoshida has only lately donned the frills and furbelows of our fashions, having heretofore preferred the loose, soft garments of her countrywomen; but now she is more Parisian than Paris, and her new trousseau must have cost enough to buy a farm in Japan. But then she didn't want the farm, and the clothes, in Washington diplomatic society, are indispensable.'"

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosures, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy" third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, leaving of each page as is written, and carefully giving it its full or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents may rely on this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases. Correspondents will find replies to queries in the paper issuing three weeks after reception of the inquiry. To reply sooner is impossible.

We accept: "Lucky for Somebody," "Rich Elmsington's Folly," "St. Denis Place," "Enchanted and Disenchanted," "The Bachelor's Doll-baby," "The Lost Child," "Janet's Decision," "Heart Bowed Down."

Declined: "Mercy is Sweet," "The March of March," "A Supposed Crime," "The Old Keeper's Ward," "A Highway Romance," "The Beggar's Pet," "Loving a Lunatic," "Only a Beggar Girl," "Recollections," etc.; "The Way of the World," "A Curious Mistake," "Unto the Last."

BARNEY, Jim and Ben, is no tunnel across the Straits of Gibraltar, and never has there been an under-the-sea passage there.

EMMA A. "Eli Perkins" is Melville D. Landon. He is not a single man if he is singular.

PETRUSANO. The story can run through 15 numbers, which we can supply. The story is good, and we will be glad to publish it.

C. H. S. An ordinary railway guide will give you much information. Consult some theatrical troupe manager about the halls.

BUCKEY. Write for instructions and catalogue to U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md. Cadets between fourteen and eighteen are named by Congressmen and appointed "at large" by the President.

J. U. D. Poem is good enough of its kind but very much too long for our space. Paper now pays for that class of matter. If it did it would be overwhelmed with applicants. Such poems, while they are pleasant reading, have no high poetic merit—therefore have but little value.

AMARA. Feet once frosted always will bother you—in warm weather especially. Use alum water. Bathe with it every night before going to bed. It will generally remove all pain and soreness in three or four days.

D. S. DOWD. Hens do not lay an unlimited quantity of eggs. Their ovaries contain only about 600 embryonic eggs, of which 20 are laid the first year; 130 the second; 135 the third; and 140 the fourth year, after that decreasing at the rate of 20 per year. Never keep a hen over its fifth or sixth year for profit.

ANDROSS. We have but just secured the "Government Recipe" you asked for, which we shall be glad to send you. It is said to stand all climates and weather on wood, brick, stone or plaster. Slake a half-bushel of un-sifted lime with boiling water, and when cooled add a kettle or portable furnace, and when used put it on as hot as possible with either painter's or white-wash brushes. Preserve this formula and give copies of it to your neighbors, for it really is valuable.

GARRY ROBERTS. Easter day falls this year on the 16th of April, rather than on the 9th, for the reason that the day is regulated not by a solar but by a lunar cycle—the cycle of the moon. The golden number. Now, by a solar calculation a day always begins at midnight; but by lunar calculation it begins at noon. If the moon is at the full moon falls on a Saturday after twelve o'clock it is counted as falling on Sunday; and then Easter day is under the rule in the prayer book, the Sunday following. This is what happened in 1875. The year: The paschal full moon falls on Saturday, April 8, at 3:48 p. m. It is, therefore, counted as falling on Sunday, April 9, and Easter day is the Sunday following, i. e., April 10.

ROBERT. A lady can sue a gentleman for breach of promise whether he is married or not, if he leads her to believe he is unmarried and woos her.

Mrs. De Kames writes: "I have three sons, and they are very anxious to see me, and should invite a young lady cousin and two friends of hers to pay me a visit. Do you think it would do for me to accede to their wish, and when you approve of throwing young men and women into such intimate association?" We can see no objection to the arrangement you mention. It is generally beneficial to young people for the reason that it brings them together. Woman's influence on man is much greater than most men are willing to admit; while the intercourse of man with woman broadens her mind, and strengthens her character, and makes her more prepared for the experience which, sooner or later, her womanhood will entail. Great mistakes are made by young men who, under the influence of parents who so hedge their daughters around with restrictions to genial and proper intercourse with gentlemen that young ladyhood is a kind of prison for them instead of a happy and desirable state. The joyous portion of all their lives. Yes, let the young folks have their way; invite the young ladies, and give them that welcome which will assure them of your confidence and regard.

MAJOR D. L. MARRY the lady of course, if you so admire her and she so highly regards you.—Washington married a widow with two children, and a happy marriage it was. You will soon come to love the children as your own.

MARY MERRY. Probably your friend would be unhappy to know you were fretting over the little favor done. It doubtless would be a pleasure for him not to have it required of him. If you want to repay in "something that will make him think more of you," do so, in preference to any other return. Your kindness, and your preferences will suggest the gift to make, and your woman's heart contrive the convenient occasion when to make the return most acceptable.

LOU says: "A gentleman friend asks for the measure of my wrist. I want to give it to him, but suppose he wants to present me with a bracelet; but as we are not betrothed—only real dear friends—would he be any harm in my accepting such a gift from him?" It is generally conceded that young ladies should not accept presents of jewelry from a gentleman who is not a relation nor lover; but we adhere to the belief in the axiom that "circumstances alter cases." Whether you should accept a bracelet from this "real dear friend" depends upon his ability to bestow such a gift, and the length and intimacy of his acquaintance with yourself and family. Gifts from such friends become very much prized keepsakes, which, in after-life, may bring up very sweet memories.

FRANK H. Carmel writes: "A lady, becoming intimately acquainted with a young lady, and having escorted her to the opera and other places, is it necessary to ask her if you can continue paying your attentions to her? Also, is it necessary to appoint a regular night to call on her? If so, what night, how often, and what hours are used? Not being posted in such matters, you will confer a favor by informing me." It is not necessary to ask if you may continue your attentions; as she has already accepted them, just continue your courtship as you have commenced. You may ask her permission to call upon her on a certain evening, and at the close of that evening ask if you may have the pleasure of seeing her a week from that night; and so, quite without formality, and without the habit of seeing her upon a certain evening. What evening this shall be must be decided by its relation to her convenience, and your own. Also, the frequency of your calls must depend upon the relation of the two nights a week seem quite enough draft to make upon a lady's time. Half-past seven or eight o'clock is quite early enough for your visit, and it should never exceed two to three hours. Better leave the desire in the lady's heart that you had remained longer, than the consciousness of relief at your departure.

CONSTANT READER. If the young lady does not choose to speak to you, you cannot force her; and any rude perseverance on your part to attract her notice would be most ungentlemanly. It is always optional with the lady as to whether she drops or continues an acquaintance, though she certainly is unkind if she is treating you so for no good reason, as you affirm.

THE LOST CHILD.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

So palely sits fair Elinore
A-weeping at her cottage-door,
With grief her heart ne'er knew before.
And she will not be comforted,
But moans in smothered pain instead,
And needs no word of hope that's said.
She calls her child, oh! never yet
So sweet a face in dimples set,
With stars for eyes, as Ellen's pet.
But now his smile is gone, a-lack!
Nor skill of mine can bring it back,
And Elinore sits draped in black.
But she may find him some bright morn
When she shall reach the distant bourne,
With love within her heart new-born.

The Men of '76.

John Paul Jones,
THE TERROR OF THE SEAS.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

HEROIC PAUL JONES!

Little did the people of Arbigland, Scotland, guess that the gardener's son was destined to become the First American Commodore!

Little did the sailors at the port of Whitehaven, on the Solway—from whence he "shipped" as hand-before-the-mast apprentice, at the early age of twelve years—surmise that in that bright-eyed boy was the future Admiral of a Russian fleet!

John Paul was the youngest of five surviving children of John Paul, gardener to Mr. Craik, of Arbigland. William Paul, the eldest of the five, at an early age emigrated to Virginia, where he became a prosperous planter. The three next children were daughters. John Paul, Jr., was "the baby" of that sturdy flock, and like many a "youngest child," having but his own wits to depend upon for his success in life, became celebrated.

Born July 6th, 1747, he received a rather meager education, and was, at twelve years of age, permitted to gratify his taste for a seafaring life, being then apprenticed to a shipmaster of Whitehaven—bound by "indentures" to serve, without seaman's wages, for five years. That's the way sailors used to be made. They had to "serve their time" as apprentices at any other trade. The boy had an aptitude for the profession; he loved it; he was brave, reliant, obedient to authority, and before he was of age was both an expert seaman and a good commander.

He only quitted the merchant service to visit Virginia in 1773, to take an estate willed to him by his brother William; and was there when the Revolution broke out—as good a "patriot" as the most ardent "rebel" could desire. He had adopted the name of JONES, from love for the eminent brothers, Willie and Allen Jones, of North Carolina, and when he offered his services to Congress it was under the name of John Paul Jones.

The first American Navy was formally created by law of Congress, Dec. 22d, 1775, by which one commander, four captains and thirteen lieutenants were authorized. Jones' name—entered as from Virginia—stood No. One among the lieutenants. But, prior to that, (viz.: Dec. 7th), he had been commissioned as sixth in rank.

Ordered to Commodore Hopkins' vessel, the Alfred, a twenty-four gunship, his hand first run up the American Ensign to the peak—on the day of Hopkins' first visit to his ship. This ensign was a PINE TREE and RATTLE-SNAKE—then the recognized "standard colors."

From this time the true career of the "great fighter" commenced. In command of small vessels he performed many daring services, in which his audacity stood in lieu of guns. His bold maneuvers in face of superior vessels of the enemy attracted great attention, and his dashing exploits indicated to the enemy a man who was bound to give them trouble. Commanding an expedition against Louisbourg, on Cape Breton Island, his two vessels made a most daring descent on the British port and returned to Boston (Dec. 15th, 1776) with many valuable captures.

Congress adopted the Stars and Stripes as the National Flag, by act dated June 14th, 1777. Jones had that day been placed, by the Military Committee, in command of the Ranger, then lying at Portsmouth, N. H. Proceeding to his vessel his own hand was first to run up the new ensign—the first time it ever floated over an American ship-of-war. The Ranger ran to Europe (1777-1778) where the first salute ever given to an American vessel-of-war was bestowed by the French fleet, through Paul Jones' intercession.

The Ranger soon astonished and infuriated the British by her exploits along the Irish coast. She cruised the vessels and secured prizes under the very eyes of the shores. At the harbor of Carrickfergus she found the British sloop-of-war Drake—a vessel of equal size but of greater gun strength. This Jones resolved at once to cut out and capture. The bold attempt miscarried by an accident, and, driven before a gale, the bold cruiser ran for the Scottish coast.

Now was conceived the daring design of destroying the entire shipping in Whitehaven harbor—his native shipping port—the object being to strike home on British commerce. As a measure of war it was justifiable, but seemed cruel in the once English subject. But Jones only knew his adopted country and its cause. Anchoring the Ranger outside the harbor he ran in (April 22d, 1777) with two boats and thirty-one volunteers for the most hazardous service. With astonishing boldness the Americans invaded the town, fired the shipping and reembarked. The fires, however, were suppressed and no serious damage done.

Then, running over the Solway, Jones made a descent (April 23d) on the Earl of Selkirk's place, to take Lord Selkirk prisoner, thus to force the British government to arrangements for exchange of prisoners—many Americans then languishing in British prisons. The Earl was not at home; so that remarkably bold scheme failed. About \$5,000 worth of silver-plate was taken, but this Jones afterward repurchased from his men and returned.

Jones again dropped down to Carrickfergus harbor where lay the British sloop-of-war Drake, which, he ascertained, was then ready to put to sea for his capture. Nothing loth, Jones waited outside, and when the Drake approached the Ranger quickly closed in with her. A very fierce fight resulted in the Drake's capture, after the loss of her commander, first lieutenant and forty killed and wounded. Jones' loss was but two killed and six wounded—so superbly had he maneuvered his vessel. Bearing his prize to Brest harbor, in France (then our ally), his fame flew over all Europe. The audacity of the man—his skill, bravery and perseverance—never had excelled in naval warfare.

To procure such a man a proper fleet was his

enthusiastic friends' effort. Aided by them, and by Ben Franklin, American Minister to France, an old merchantman was finally obtained, refitted, and renamed the *Bon Homme Richard* (Good man Richard)—in honor of Franklin's "Poor Richard." This vessel Jones made his flag-ship.

Accompanied by his little squadron, he put out from Groix, France, Aug. 15th, 1778, for a cruise around Great Britain! Capture after capture quickly ensued, of merchantmen, which were sent in under prize crews, and then with his flag-ship and two of his consorts he started up the Forth, to lay the great city of Edinburgh under heavy contributions. This most audacious act was, at the very moment of its execution, thwarted by a sudden squall and gale, which forced him to sea again, and thus the Scottish capital was spared a humiliating sacrifice.

Prizes still being forwarded to the harbors of France, greatly weakened his crews, so that when a large merchant fleet hove in sight off Marlborough Head, under convoy (Sept. 23d), it found the Richard's crew reduced to less than three hundred. The convoy was the Serapis, two deck, fifty-gun ship, and three hundred and twenty men, and the Countess of Scarborough, twenty-two guns and one hundred and twenty men.

Seeing the hostile fleet, the merchantmen scattered, and the British war ships stood out to sea to see who was their unexpected visitor. The maneuvers for position somewhat disconcerted Jones' several consorts, so that when, at eight o'clock in the evening, he got near enough to the Serapis to receive her hail, "What vessel is that?" his own vessels were not within helping distance. His answer to the hail was a broadside; and then commenced one of the most terrible sea conflicts on record. Suddenly the vessels neared, as backward and forth they sailed in the darkness, until the Richard fouled with the Englishman, and was most awfully racked by his guns. It was enough to have ended the conflict, but Jones knew no such word as surrender. The carnage became frightful, but Jones mounted with the danger. Though his vessel was on fire, and was pierced through and through, he fought on. Men even crawled from vessel to vessel. Driven from the main deck, Jones' brave fellows poured in musketry and grenades from the tops, and worked the guns on the lower deck. It was a most bloody *duel à la mort*. All seemed lost for the Richard, but to the Britons' amazement "the Yankee didn't know when he was whipped," and kept on fighting. The Serapis was on fire many times. Dead men strewn the decks. Guns were, one by one, silenced, and almost from sheer exhaustion the British vessel, after two and a half hours of fight, hauled down her colors.

The Countess of Scarborough had been captured, after an hour's conflict, by the *Fallas*, of Jones' squadron. The Richard and Serapis both were dreadfully crippled. At least one-half their crews were killed or disabled! The Richard was abandoned, and went down on the morning of the 24th. The Serapis and Scarborough were borne with much trouble to the Texel, Holland, where the Yankee fleet was soon shut in by a powerful force of English vessels, eager to destroy their terrible foe. In the Alliance he ran the blockade, one night in December, and reached Groix, in France, in safety—greatly to British chagrin. He was, of course, quite "the lion" of the day.

Owing to a variety of circumstances, no more vessels were made available for a proper fleet for Jones, and he eventually returned to Philadelphia, with the *Ariel*, heavily loaded with military stores. Congress honored him, and the French minister, by order of Louis XVI, conferred on him the Order of Military Merit.

Congress now appointed him to the command of the America, a new 74-gun ship, the highest command it could bestow. But, when the fine ship was nearly ready for sea, she had to be given to the French, and Jones was without a vessel—Congress now being too poor to supply him with another, and French fleets doing all the sea service.

It is not necessary to dwell on Jones' two years spent in Europe, looking after his prize-money—his return here—the gold medal voted by Congress (October, 1787)—Congress' letter to the king of France, commending him, etc., etc. In 1788 he entered the service of Russia, and commanded in the Black Sea, as rear-admiral; but the miserable intrigues of the service soon made him sick of it. He had several brilliant engagements, but nothing worthy of his great fame, and he virtually abandoned the employ of Catherine. Returning to Paris, he there died, July 18th, 1792.

Of this truly great naval captain Cooper says: "In battle, Paul Jones was brave; in enterprise, hardy and original; in victory, mild and generous; in motives, much disposed to disinterestedness, though ambitious of renown and covetous of distinction; in his pecuniary relations, liberal; in his affections, natural and sincere; and in his temper, except in those cases which assailed his reputation, just and forgiving."

Truly a proud epitaph.

A True Knight:
OR,
TRUST HER NOT.

BY MARGARET LEICESTER.

CHAPTER XI.

ARTFUL MADAMOISELLE.

A FEW evenings subsequently the man whom Coila thought "More amusing than the Paris *cirque*," proposed that, instead of returning soberly with the others along the quiet lane from the back, he would show her a far more interesting and adventurous path on the top of the cliffs.

Now Coila was such an affectionate little witch that I don't believe she would have consented to leave her beloved papa Verne, who, at this time, took more and more comfort in her artless fondness, had Mr. Stanley and Maiblume not been walking in the rear—to whom she could confide him, thus giving him the rare pleasure of walking with his Maiblume, and at the same time interrupting a *l'été à tete* which, child though she was in mind and heart, she could read was irksome to her idolized Maiblume.

That was why she consented to trip away by the stranger's side, while the twilight gathered closer, and the broad-burnished moon peeped over the sea, lighting up her small spirituelle face and her big black eyes, till she seemed like some sprite bent on elfish mischief. "I say, Miss De Vouse," quoth the artist, taking her fairy hand to lead her up the rough defile, "ain't these two going it, now the secretary's out the way?"

"Eh! monsieur means! What does monsieur mean?" queried she, with delicious simplicity.

"I mean that the widower and Miss Verne

are going to make a match of it," said he, rolling his eyes into their corners to get a good look at her.

Coila uttered a shrill, tiny cry, and stood still that she might stamp her little foot.

"Ah! Bah! But clever Monsieur Wylie makes the ridiculous blunder this time! Miss Verne! She will never marry unless she marries Monsieur George!"

"Stanley's bound to have her," said Mr. Wylie, "and unless somebody stops him he'll have his way."

"He sha'n't! He sha'n't!" reiterated Coila, with another fierce stamp of her tiny foot. "My heart! she would die of grief in a week!"

"Why don't you go for him yourself then, and save her life?" drawled Mr. Wylie, helping her over another steep boulder.

She lit like a bird at his side, and waving her white hands like snowy wings cried, passionately:

"I would die to save my Maiblume—but to marry monsieur, the poet—Oh! Sainte Vierge, succor me in this strait!"

"I believe you could have him if you took the trouble," said Mr. Wylie, with admiring warmth. "Blest if I don't sometimes feel fit to pop the question myself, crusty old bachelor as I am—but you wouldn't look at me if I did, so I won't transform myself into a middle-aged adorer."

She averted her modest face from these ardent compliments, and tried coyly to pluck her fingers from his as they climbed higher; but he only pressed them closer, continuing, after a season of dumb mirth:

"Or if you won't rid Miss Verne of her unwelcome admirer that way, why don't you set your sharp little wits to work to do it some other way?"

"Ah, monsieur, my wits they are dull to scheme!" sighed Coila; "but my heart it is hot to work for Maiblume. Tell me what I can do, my friend?"

By this time they had arrived at the top of the cliff, and were pacing slowly along the thyme-carpeted plain, with the wrinkled ocean moving far beneath, and spanned by a silver bridge flung by Luna.

There was a hush up here never to be obtained down by the sounding sea; a feeling of loneliness and isolation which might have quite disconcerted a creature as shy and easily alarmed as was tender little mademoiselle; but her beautiful devotion toward her adopted sister inspired her with courage; she looked up in Mr. Wylie's eyes with shining expectation in her own, and tightened her clasp of his hand in urgent appeal.

For once Mr. Wylie was not ready with an answer.

He knitted his brows, coughed uneasily, cast upon her several side glances of surpassing keenness, and at last spoke:

"I suppose you have, like all good Catholics, in pious frauds," commenced he.

She opened her innocent, wide eyes wider. "Eh bien! monsieur! You speak in riddles!" cried the fresh young voice in wondering accents.

"Ugh!" grunted Mr. Wylie, impatiently. "I'm afraid you haven't the pluck, after all." "Dear friend," said Coila, modestly, "I'm a foolish little one, but when I love I have what you call the valor, too. Confide your scheme—you shall see—I you shall see!"

"All right! I'll tell you what a spirited woman would do under the circumstances," said the artist, somewhat reassured. "She'd just go to work to draw the wool over the widower's eyes—"

"Eh! Monsieur means?"

"Well, to be candid, I mean that if you'd set your fancies to work to draw him off from Miss Verne, I bet a cool ten thousand that in a week he'd be following you about like a dog. All pretences on your part of course, but it would relieve Miss Verne of his attentions, and, at the same time, give young Laurie a chance to vindicate himself and make up matters with Miss Verne again."

Coila clasped her little soft hands in a burst of applause.

"Excellent!" cried she. "For Maiblume's sake I will begin at once. But oh, how I dread monsieur the poet!" faltered she, relapsing into timidity. "I tremble when he looks at me. How do I fear him so, dear Monsieur Wylie?"

Mr. Wylie came to a standstill, and, fixing his eyes with solemn earnestness upon hers, said more impressively than she had ever heard him speak:

"You, and all innocent little creatures like you, flutter affrightedly before Paul Stanley, as the pretty little bird does before the serpent—fascinated by his graceful exterior in spite of the inward monitor which declares him to be a monster. Do you know, Miss Coila, that I, and in fact a lot of people in the city, have had some very queer suspicions about Mr. Paul Stanley ever since that dreadful affair, the death of his wife, and the suppression of her will?"

Coila's uplooking eyes, into which the moonbeams shone as into two limpid pools, flinched, and her whole face quivered—only for a moment though; the next, she was looking with wonder and dismay at Mr. Wylie:

"Oh, what a cruel suspicion!" cried she. "I cannot believe this, monsieur. Why should Monsieur Stanley do such a wicked thing?"

"Why, you innocent daisy," exclaimed Mr. Wylie, so charmed by her simplicity that he took her by the chin and raised her face that he might look at it more closely. "Didn't he come into a big fortune by the transaction? Who else profited by it? Who else had any motive for suppressing Mrs. Stanley's will? Eh? Do you know of any one?"

"Ah, no, no!" cried Coila, her sweet eyes swimming in tears. "Poor madame! Dear Madame Stanley!"

Mr. Wylie dropped her chin with an inarticulate growl, and, rubbing his hands softly, stood off to view her, as if she were some piece of art.

"All right!" said he at last. "Time will show; 'murder will out,' as the detectives say when the knave has given them the slip; and I tell you, my little half-blown blossom with the dew yet glistening on your innocent leaves, that, sooner or later, the world will hear who stole Mrs. Stanley's will."

She stood a moment breathless, actually gazing in horror at the artist, then she shrugged her shoulders, crying, petulantly:

"You terrible man! Don't talk thus any longer! You make me feel as if I was surrounded by wickedness and treachery. *Tout bien!* Time shall show, indeed!" and waving him to follow, she lifted her floating train and led the way along the summit of the cliff.

Mr. Wylie sauntered after her, his hands plunged deep into his pockets, his mouth open, and his eyes upturned to the heavens till only the whites were visible, in speechless admiration of her innocent trust in fallen human nature.

Some few minutes later and they stood at the rustic gate, hand locked in hand, the best of friends.

"You'll do your part, Miss Coila," said Mr. Wylie, affectionately; "draw off Stanley from

Miss Verne, and meantime I'll see what can be done for young Laurie."

In her pleasure she gave him her other hand to hold, too.

"Ah! if you will only bring him back in honor, all will be well," cooed she.

And thus they parted.

Next morning Coila was taking counsel with herself. She was alone on the beach, Maiblume not having joined her as yet.

Lovely sprite! What more enchanting vision could mere mortal see than she, as, bending over a deep, clear pool in the shadow of a monster rock, she wove bright amber ribbons of help among her raven tresses, fastened stately shells across her brow, and hung tassels of delicate sea-weed, green, lavender and scarlet, about her white throat!

And she sung, low and silvery, like the glad gurgle of a bird; and she poised her dainty self in this attitude and in that; and she watched her own elfin beauty in the shadowy pool with a sweet, serious attention, to which self-admiration was but mere vulgar burlesque!

"Whatever befalls, my sister shall have peace!" sung the *Parisienne*, recitative. "I shall not shrink, ah, no! ah, no! I fear the poet, yet must seem to pity him—for Maiblume's sake! And should I succeed too well and win his love—alas, he is too strong for trembling me—he will force me to marry him! Bitter day!" shuddered the singer, musically, while her dark eyes glittered in the shadowy pool. "Bitter day for poor, poor Coila! Yet she will be strong for her sister's sake; yes, Monsieur Stanley shall be attended to at once; Monsieur George shall be recalled in triumph; the dear papa Verne and angel Maiblume shall grieve no more; and Coila shall have done all!"

"My darling!" uttered a deep voice.

She shrieked and sprang to her feet, her summer gauzes floating wide around her like the luminous clouds about some ascending saint of the feminine gender.

Barthold Verne had stepped from behind the big black rock, his eyes filled with tears, his hands outstretched.

"What wild, loving nonsense is this you are uttering!" exclaimed he, bending over her to look earnestly into her downcast, quivering face. "I thought you saw me sitting behind the rock as you ran toward me—I was sure you had seen me, or I should not have listened. Tell me, sweet child, what you said. I could not catch all the words distinctly, though I heard enough to fill my heart with deep emotion!"

Trembling and shame-faced, she cowered into his arms and hid her blushes on his shoulder; and so confused and embarrassed was she, that he had to hold her there for quite a while, soothing and caressing her, before she could find boldness to speak.

"Papa Verne!" faltered she, peeping timidly up at him, and immediately hiding her face again; "dear papa Verne, don't misjudge little Coila if she appears to seek the attention of monsieur the poet. It is that she would rid her sister of the attentions which distress her!" Here the sensitive dove quite broke down and nestled closer to the enchanted author, who folded her to his breast, scarce knowing how to express his admiration.

"This is very pretty, my darling girl, and very heroic," said he; "but I can't allow it. No, no, sweet, you must not sacrifice yourself even for Maiblume's sake."

She stopped him by a little snowflake of a hand upon his lips, by a little hug of his arm which encircled her fairly waist.

"Cher ami, dear, dear friend!" cooed she, "let me have my own way! I shall suffer, no—not one little pang! Bah! a bagatelle, my suffering, while Maiblume—oh, my heart! she pines, she dies! I think I can divert clever Monsieur Stanley from the pursuit without breaking up the friendship which is between you and him, if I try very hard to be agreeable; don't you think so, too, dear papa Verne?"

Now the said papa Verne held a very strict code of morality which precluded all pious frauds as insidious snares of the devil to capture purblind souls, but in this instance, well—she was such a little pure lily-flower, and she did look up with such infantile simplicity, generous enthusiasm shining out from those wondrous soft, swimming orbs of hers—and besides all that, mind you, she was French—that, really, the author was staggered and did not quite recognize the child's proposed course as that ugly path by which liars go down to the bottomless pit. What he did see was the noble spirit of self-sacrifice which inspired her, and he could no more have denied her artless plea than he could have extricated himself from her gentle thrall and thrown her into the pool.

"Do as you please, my little girl," said he, fondly smoothing back her hair, "only don't quite break poor Stanley's heart, and don't lose yours in the passage at arms."

He bent down and kissed her on the forehead, and if the kiss was more passionate than that which fathers usually bestow, his keen appreciation of the noble qualities of her mind and heart must stand for his excuse. At all events, so guileless was she, and so unconscious of her own power, that she took the kiss sedately, recognizing nothing amiss in it.

CHAPTER XII.

RECONNOITERRING.

Yes, poor Maiblume was indeed pining. Proud though she was, and quietly though she bore her pain, she could not hide the increasing transparency of her lovely cheek, nor the deep gloom of her glorious eye, nor the heart-weariness and hopeless disgust of life which possessed her.

Ready with a smile, and never lacking in stately conversation when called upon, there was yet a cold somberness about her which chilled and kept at bay the advances of Paul Stanley, while it deepened the grief and distress with which her father regarded the unhappy absence of George from his customary post.

Paul Stanley, beauty worshiper from his infancy, and owning no other deity, was at this time the victim of a passion bordering on the ferocious, which had been insidiously growing and growing in his undisciplined heart, even before the tragical death of his wife. Now that every obstacle was removed, his wife in her grave, Maiblume's lover in disgraceful exile, he permitted this passion to take entire possession of him, and feeding it with his own wild imaginings, it burst forth daily and hourly in flashes of ungovernable flame, precursors of the conflagration which was destined either to consume him alone, or, if she became his to feed upon her glorious beauty for a little season, and then to die out in the cold ashes of satiated passion.

Insensible she was as the Alpine glacier; cold, pure, luminous, wrapped about with the chilly mists of her own sad thoughts; and as yet, scarcely conscious of the smothered volcano at her side.

For she had given—oh, priceless gem! the

true love of her unsullied heart to George. Brilliant though her lot in life had ever been, and girt about with all the splendor and fashion of the voluptuous city, she had preserved—by the side of her great-hearted father—a crystalline purity of soul, a nature rich in all womanly attributes, and an appreciation of true worth wherever it was to be found which was simply sublime in these days of dollar-worship.

While Coila was unfolding the graces of her mind to Mr. Verne upon the beach, Maiblume sat in the cottage parlor alone, her head on her hand, her sad eyes fastened upon a little vase of wild roses on the table before her, and the slow tears rolling unheeded down her cheeks.

How often had he whom she blossoms must see, brought her these simple blossoms, warm and sweet as his own pure love!

Wild roses!

She ever thought of them as his flower; she had ever worn them for his sake; as she gazed at them now they breathed nothing but reminiscences of his faithfulness, modesty, and manly uprightness.

The cottage parlor was cool, shadowy and fragrant from the odoriferous zephyrs which wafted through the open casement over hay-field, thyme-plots, and honeysuckle tangles—as sylvan a retreat as one could imagine for weeping nymph.

How beautiful she seemed in her drooping sadness, with her rich tresses half uncoiled and billowing over her pearly arms and down-cast face; with her pale roseate robes flowing about her noble form to the carpet of tangled flowers which her arched, black satin shod feet rested upon; with the glittering drops upon her long curved lashes and her rich violet eyes brooding over the roses!

So at least one seemed to think as he peered at the window to gloat his fire-filled eyes upon her, and as he stood, the dark blood surged into his stern cheeks, and a smile of insatiable longing curled his thin lips.

That intense gaze ere long drew up her startled eyes with its subtle magnetism; she rose hastily, exclaiming:

"Mr. Stanley!"

He entered the room and shut the door. He stood before her, tall, commanding as a Spanish cavalier, his arms folded, his gleaming eyes i' e'd upon her.

"You are alone?" said he, in a deep voice, slowly.

She bowed, and sunk into her chair, waving him to another.

He was something different to-day from what he had ever been; he was something to tremble before—to shrink away from.

"Miss Verne," said the deep voice, "tell me I may speak."

She gasped and half rose as if to fly, then recollecting herself, drew about her that cloak of regal dignity and icy coldness under which she alone felt safe, and smiling politely, remarked:

"You may certainly speak, Mr. Stanley, but pray be comic, not tragic, this morning, for I have no wish to see the pathetic side of life at present."

He drew closer; he was dead pale now, and she could see him trembling.

"Maiblume," whispered he, bending toward her with imploring hands outstretched; "come to me! I need you! I love you, Maiblume, Maiblume!"

"No more!" cried she, in a thrilling voice of command, as she rose, waving him back with imperious majesty; "I shall forget that such words were ever uttered by my father's friend—words which but mock a sorrow he cannot choose but see and comprehend. No more, Mr. Stanley, I entreat—I command you!"

He waited in blank, blanched dismay until she was finished—then with one stride he was before her, kneeling at her feet, pouring forth his long pent-up passion.

She listened coldly, calmly.

"Rise, Mr. Stanley!" said she, when his impetuous eloquence had spent itself; "I have no heart to give you, and you do not want a wife who does not love you."

He rose, black with sudden rage.

"You have given your love to that miscreant, Laurie!" muttered he, grinding his teeth—"a wretch whom all good women should shrink from!"

He stopped, astounded. The ice-cold glacier had shot into a blazing volcano.

Towering above him, head crested, cheeks aflame, eyes like live coals, and bosom heaving—what, was this Maiblume, the frigid?

"Miscreant in your teeth, sir," quoth she, between hers; "George Laurie is an honorable gentleman whoever believes him. You have compassed his ruin; you have sent him away from me; you have blasted his life and mine with your curse—and now you come suing my love! Sir, I have suffered your presence hitherto only because you were my father's friend—I suffer it no longer! Away! I dare not look upon you—I loathe you so!"

They gazed into each other's eyes. Such a look! So might two tigers, oscillating to the attack, gaze into the fire-sparking eyes of each other!

"Away!" reiterated she, fiercely; "do you dare to insult me by remaining?" and with a grand sweep of her pearly, lace-draped arm she pointed to the door.

Bowing low and sardonically, Paul Stanley moved toward it, turned and fixed his glittering gaze upon her once more.

"Madam," said he, with a smile to madden her, "I perceive that you are capable of that rarest of emotions nowadays—a burning and passionate love. Hitherto you have spent it upon an object equally unworthy and unable to comprehend it; henceforth I, a poet, with all the fire and susceptibility of a poet, claim such love as my right. Night or day I shall never rest until I subdue that proud heart of yours, and hold you in my arms, conquered! Remember—I swear it!"

And he was gone.

She uttered a wild, tingling cry and sunk down to her knees blanched and trembling.

your looks. I see it all! She has trampled upon your love."

The thrilling sweetness of her lowered tones forced him to look down at her.

Two glistening rills were running down her sea shell-tinted cheeks from eyes as soft as the pools of Heshbon; two snowy hands were clasped in generous distress!

He looked closer. Her coral lips were quivering; her downy cheeks were flushing; her pretty breast was heaving convulsively.

The spite! She was crying for his sake. "Mademoiselle," said he, in a peculiarly metallic voice, "my sorrows won't kill me. Spare your grief; you are far too pretty to cry over any love-trouble but your own."

She lifted her shy sweet eyes to his with a solemn awe in their depths.

"Oh, you are the brave man!" ejaculated she, clasping her hands; "the strong soul with what endurance—with what fortitude—with what heroism you front these successive storms of misfortune! You are like a god; I, poor foolish trifler, might well worship you."

His attention was now riveted upon the inspired speaker.

Never in her life had Mademoiselle De Vouse been better worth looking at. In her enthusiasm she had quite forgotten her usual fawn-like timidity; had quite forgotten the misconception he might put upon her impulsive words, and glowed before him a *piccola Venus* endowed with Sappho's burning spirit.

Paul Stanley stopped under the overarching foliage to offer her his hand with a gloomy sort of friendliness.

"Thank you for your good opinion," said he, "and for your sympathy," he added, with an ominous glint of the teeth and glint of the eye. "Don't let Miss Verne turn you against me, and—be my advocate—won't you?"

Having let him take her hand, she bent, pressed her velvet lips upon it and dropped a tear upon it, whispering:

"Ah, yes! I shall do anything—anything for monsieur." With which assurance she flitted away, and Stanley looked after her almost with curiosity.

"Incomprehensible little thing!" muttered he, as he turned off; "I always thought she disliked me, but now, by all the gods, I think she's half in love with me!"

A few days afterward, Mr. Wylie, who was a most devoted *attache* to the ladies at Storm Cliff cottage, maneuvered for another *tele-atele* with Coila.

Now, that gentle fair had fought quite shy of Mr. Wylie ever since that walk on the cliffs, and it required a good deal of engineering to carry his point. However, after beating about the bush with some of the diplomatic talent of a Wolsey, he caught her one morning sitting on the doorstep, with her lap full of dewy-red clover with which she was feeding her own glossy black pony, as miniature an edition of the equine species as she was of the human race.

Seating himself close beside her, said Mr. Wylie:

"I say, you know this ain't business. We'll have to get the secretary back. Stanley don't bite, and Miss Verne is getting sick over it."

She threw back her bird-like head and warbled a laugh.

"Monsieur the poet does not give me a chance," said she; "he is injured—he is sullen; he hides at home. Wait till monsieur comes forth again to the attack and you shall see."

"And, mean time," said Wylie, rolling his eyeballs into the corner next to her, "suppose you take Laurie's matter in hand yourself. I'm too bungling; I can't meddle, and besides, I've done all I could."

"Eh! What has monsieur done?" carelessly inquired little mademoiselle, while she kissed the black velvet nose of Hadji.

"I've found out where he lives," returned the artist, chuckling.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried Coila, brimming with lively curiosity. "And where does he live? And why does he live there?"

"I can tell you where he lives, but *why* you'll have to find out for yourself. If he was to catch me interfering I'd get into the darndest row—you understand; whereas, if you poked your nice little fingers into his pie he would be only too grateful to you for taking so much interest in him. A petticoat makes all the difference in the world," added he, philosophically.

"Monsieur has a long head; monsieur schemes well," said Coila, looking at him earnestly, while he eyed the drifting summer clouds. "I wonder why monsieur takes such an interest in all our fortunes."

"Nothing else to do," growled he, politely suppressing a yawn, "and being a benevolent sort of fellow, I like to see nice people happy."

She set her glittering teeth and shrugged her shoulders.

"All well!" said she, airily; "only continue to act the good gen. Now tell me all about this hiding-place of Monsieur Laurie's."

So then he invited her out to ride with him, and off they cantered to Linsdale, the little town once before mentioned, and having lunched there, they spent the afternoon in scaling the mountain, reconnoitering the premises where George and Aubrey lay concealed, and in returning home quite wearied out but perfectly confidential toward each other.

"Now attend to this business according to your lights," said Mr. Wylie, "and I miss my guess if you don't bring him home in triumph before the week is out. Holy poker! won't Vernes be ready to worship you, though?"

"Thank you, dear friend," said Coila, radiantly; "Monsieur George's little secret shall be shared with me immediately. His conduct shall be discovered to be irreproachable; he shall be reinstated; Maiblume shall reward him for his sorrows with her hand—and *voilà!* sunshine, felicity!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 313.)

Statistics of marriages at Worcester, Mass., for the last year show that, out of a total of 463 marriages, in twenty-eight cases widowers and widows were united for the second time, and seventeen widows took bachelors for their second husbands. Five widowers took widows for their third wives, and the same number took maidens for their third companions. One widow took a widower for her third husband, and in one case it was the third marriage of both. In 359 cases the groom was the older, while in forty-eight instances both were of the same age, and fifty-nine brides were older than the grooms. One bride was fifteen years old, one sixteen, fourteen were seventeen, and twenty-eight were eighteen. The youngest groom was seventeen, five were nineteen, nine were twenty, and twenty were twenty-one years of age. The groom of seventeen took a bride of eighteen, and the bride of fifteen took a husband of nineteen. A widower, eighty-two years of age, took a maiden of forty-nine for his third wife. A widower of seventy-six was united to a widow of fifty-eight, it being the third marriage of each.

SONG FROM A DRAMA.

I know not if moonlight or starlight
Be soft on the land and the sea;
I catch but the near light, the far light,
Of eyes that are burning for me;
The scent of the night, of the roses,
May burden the air for thee sweet—
'Tis only the breath of thy sighing
I know, as I lie at thy feet.

The winds may be sobbing or singing,
Their touch may be fervent or cold;
The night-bells may toll or be ringing—
I care not, with thee in my hold!
The feast may go on, and the music
Be scattered in ecstasy round—
The whisper, "I love thee! I love thee!"
Hath flooded my soul with its sound.

I think not of time that is flying,
How short is the hour I have won;
How near is this living to dying,
How the shadow still follows the sun;
There is naught upon earth, no desire,
Worth a thought, though 'twere had by a sign!
I love thee! I love thee! Bring nigher
Thy spirit, thy kisses, to mine!

Vials of Wrath:

OR, THE GRAVE BETWEEN THEM.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,
AUTHOR OF "TWO GIRLS' LIVES," "LOVE-
BLIND," "OATH-BOUND," "BARBARA'S
FATE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LI.

ABOUTING THE FIRES.

IF Havelstock congratulated himself that he had escaped comfortably from his sudden, overwhelming surprise caused by Ida's words respecting Ethel, he was most woefully mistaken. Dinner was scarcely over, before the page in Ida's special service tapped at the door of the smoking-room with a verbal message to him to go to Ida's dressing-room.

He tossed his cigar into the receiver, and apologized to Lexington for leaving him so abruptly, then went leisurely up the stairs to Ida's presence. He found her in her dressing-room, still in her dinner dress, sitting beside a little table on which a gas-lamp burned mellowly.

As he shut the door, she looked up at him with her brown eyes full of anger, and jealousy, and distrust. "Sit down there, where I can see you. I want to talk to you about Ethel Maryl." She motioned him to a cushioned chair that stood full in the light of the lamp.

He gave a start of inward terror—it was undeniably uncomfortable to hear from Ida's lips even the name of the unfortunate girl he had so mercilessly used; yet, as he recovered himself, by an effort, a mighty effort of his stubborn will, and carelessly seated himself in the designated chair, he thought, as he looked at Ida, that she was really more to be pitied than Ethel.

He turned his sarcastically questioning eyes fully toward her.

"You certainly select a most agreeable topic for conversation. I do not know of a young lady far or near I would rather discuss."

Ida's lips fairly quivered with rage. "You need not think you can hoodwink me with any such assumed indifference, or interest. You know there is something about Ethel Maryl that you know and I don't."

It was a mere random shot Ida fired—aimed in the groundless jealousy that had gained possession of her since she had the sight of Ethel's face, and listened to Mrs. Lexington's compliments, and remembered that Frank and Ethel knew each other in earlier days. But, random or not, it made Havelstock fairly curse under his breath at the truthfulness of it; as he thought, what if Ida should know all!

"Do you hear me?" she went on, imperiously. "I expect you know more about Ethel Maryl than I do, and I believe she is in New York for no other earthly purpose than to meet you."

Havelstock smiled—from very relief at the "switch" Ida was running off on. "Do you really think so? You pay me a higher compliment than I deserve—although I think Miss Maryl might be inclined to resent it."

He was so easy, and nonchalant that his very attitude stung Ida.

"I really think so; and what is more, I really think you are as much in love with her as she is with you. If not, why did you display such odd agitation when I mentioned her name at dinner? Are gentlemen in the habit of actually turning gray-green when their sweethearts' names are spoken, or does their emotion mean something even worse?"

She was pitched to the highest peak of jealous suspicion, and yet little dreamed how her blows struck home.

This time, however, a lurid glow in his eyes warned her she was trenching on dangerous ground; and the very signal of warning that urged her still further on.

"You admit it, do you? You confess there is something between you two? I see it in your eyes as plainly as if you said it. You needn't think you can deceive me."

He looked at her with a quiet insolence that was peculiarly tantalizing.

"It only needs several such scenes as this to sever the very frail thread of regard that unites me to you. I would advise you, in the future, for your own sake, to avoid such topics of conversation."

There was a perfect devil in his back eyes that made her quail—for a second. Then she took another tack suddenly.

"Well—I only hope the charming young lady is as loyal to you as you are to her. It didn't look much like it, however, seeing her riding along in a coupe with the most distinguished looking man—a big, stout, purple-faced man, with a head shaved like a convict's. A very formidable rival for you, I should say."

The intended taunt he never heard; only the picture she drew of Ethel's escort, who could be no other living man but Carleton Vincy.

The thought made him fairly desperate. Ethel, his own wife—he almost laughed at the words—in the company of a man of Vincy's principles, Vincy's daring. His pure, brave, proud little Ethel, whom he worshiped that moment with a strength that was an agony—she, powerless in Carleton Vincy's hands! He needed all his tremendous will-power to remain sitting quietly in his chair with Ida's sneering, angry eyes on him, and allow the raging tempest of emotion to sweep over him.

He sat there, outwardly very calm, cool, indifferent, except for an ominous whiteness on his face, wondering how it had been brought about—the fact of Ethel's riding in the coupe with the man who would not hesitate at any thing.

He remembered Vincy's boldly-expressed admiration of Ethel; he knew the obvious helplessness of her position, and the trusting innocence of her disposition—and he clenched his hands so hard that the nails made wounds in his palms.

If he only knew where they were going!

Ida saw the light leap to his eyes although he dare not ask the question.

He arose to leave the room, with a coldly negligent air.

"When you send for me again, pray select a better subject, and I will be at command."

He sauntered down-stairs, with a perspiration starting on his forehead and hands. He went into the dining-room, and poured a wineglassful of brandy from a decanter on the side-board, drinking it almost at a swallow.

"What a narrow escape—these long-tongued, fox-eyed women! and to think—to think where my dainty little Ethel is! Great heavens! where is she?"

He paced up and down the long room, terribly shaken by his fast coming retribution, whose foreboding shadow had power to completely unman him.

He realized that that was a long lane that had no turning, as he walked to and fro. He knew he had traveled over the flower-lined part of his downward career, and that the rest of the way were only pitfalls and dangers. He knew, as well as if an angel had condescended to tell him, that the swirling vortex was increasing in giddy speed, and that already his feet were off any foundation.

With his hands clasped at his back, he walked up and down, a very picture of flendish rage, and impotent fury; a sullen, wrathful light in his eyes. It was almost more than he could endure, even with his wonderful, stoical endurance; this galling knowledge that he was a very slave in the chains of deep-rooted, unceasing love, or what he called by so sweet and pure a name, for Ethel. And she—somewhere with Carleton Vincy. It was physically impossible for him to control the fast rising fury in his heart. He felt his face burning, his heart thumping, the cords in his neck swelling, and he rushed into the hall for his hat, and out the front door, into the chilly April night. He walked aimlessly, yet hurriedly down the street, and, without a particle of will power of his own, mechanically took his way toward his office.

Block after block he went, feeling the sharp, damp air on his hot cheeks, and not conscious of fatigue when he found himself at his office door, scores of blocks further than he ever dreamed of walking. He unlocked the door, and went in, closing, without fastening it. He lighted the gas in the private sanctum and then turned it down to a mellow twilight; then he sat down in one of the capacious easy-chairs, with his feet on a hassock, and his felt hat slouched over his eyes. He succeeded in defining and analyzing his feelings, as he sat there, an hour or so, in the silent duskness.

All his fierce, raging tumult of passion had subsided to two distinct phases, and of the two, it was a question with him which was the strongest. One was hatred—a jealous hatred of Carleton Vincy, the man who held so many dangerous secrets in his hand; the man who had the insight into all of Havelstock's movements during those wicked days that seemed ages ago.

Havelstock knew he was in Vincy's power, and he knew Vincy knew it. It was all very well for Havelstock to try to console himself with the fact that Vincy was equally in his hands, but somehow, Havelstock couldn't appreciate that. While Vincy had knowingly tormented Georgia, and persecuted her with his odious attentions, even to the extent of being unceremoniously kicked out of Tanglewood's conservatory, yet, in the eyes of law he wasn't as amenable as Havelstock would be, if his misdemeanors were bruited abroad.

So far, surely, Vincy had a decided advantage, and Havelstock ceded it, unyieldingly, as he thought it over. But when he realized an other advantage Vincy had, and was in all probability enjoying that very minute, then his blood boiled hotly again. He knew he hated the confidant who had turned into the rival, with a murderous hate.

And for the sake of the girl for whom he had sold his soul; for whom, had the opportunity again presented itself, he would not hesitate to barter heaven itself.

A vision of Ethel rose before him, as he sat, half sullen, half passionate, in his easy-chair. He saw her glad, eager face, to which he could summon the delicate blushes, or the happy smile, at his own selfish pleasure. He felt the warm clinging of her arms around his neck, and the weight of her golden-tressed head on his breast. He could remember, so distinctly, the touch of her scarlet lips, that were doomed never to meet his again in kisses that came straight from Ethel's heart.

And he had so easily won such sweetness, such perfection of womanhood, only to blindly, foolishly cast it from him—for what?

A vision of Ida's insipidly pretty face came up in contemptuous contrast to that of Ethel's—frank, proud, joyous, spirited; and he groaned in positive envious jealousy.

"By all the powers of earth and air, she shall be mine yet! I'll hunt her, if she be concealed in a dungeon, and she shall listen to me while I make my peace with her, and win her love to come to me again. She does not love Leslie Verne; she loves me, and she will only be too glad to renew our old relations. But if she doesn't—if she has learned all the truth about me, and consequently despises me, I'll tame her, for she, too, has a little case of bigamy to settle with the courts."

He rose from his chair—no signs of sullenness about him now, but rather every token of the lawless excitement that made every nerve quiver, that made his eyes glow luridly.

"I shall lose no time," he said to himself. "To-morrow morning I'll see old Hugh, the detective, and if he don't ferret her out—"

His muttered words were suddenly cut short by the opening of the office door, and Carleton Vincy walked in, with the oddest smile on his face that Havelstock had ever seen there.

CHAPTER LII.

A FATHER'S VILLAINY.

HAVELSTOCK could scarcely have been more amazed if Prince Beelzebub had opened the door of his sanctum, and entered, than he was to see Carleton Vincy come in, as familiarly and naturally as though they had parted the most intimate friends.

For a moment Havelstock was too astonished to speak. The sudden change from wrathful suspicions and jealousy which he had been indulging in so freely, to a face to face interview, left him entirely at a loss whether his greeting should be that of an enemy or a friend.

Vincy was the first to speak.

"Well, old fellow, you don't offer me the hospitalities of your cozy little place. Suppose I take them without?"

He was still wearing that odd smile with which he had parted from Ethel, and which had been on his face all the way to Havelstock's office.

"Make yourself at home—if you can." Havelstock spoke stiffly; he at once supposed there had occurred a change of base, without knowing how or why. At all events it was infinitely better to know Vincy was sitting opposite him than to think he was off somewhere with Ethel, and that fact alone conciliated him.

"If I can"—was there ever a time when I failed? Have a cigar, Havelstock, and settle down for a revelation that will astonish even you."

He handed his cigar-case for Frank to choose from, and when they had lit the fragrant Resadas, Havelstock began to wonder what was coming.

"Well, I've seen your wife—I mean what I say, you know, your wife."

Havelstock frowned, but evidently intended Vincy to say his say.

"I met her just as I calculated I should—running away from home and friends because she had caught a glimpse of your face. Of course she supposed I met her very accidentally—but you know all about that; suffice it, that I took her under my wing, under pretense of seeing Mrs. V., to my house, where you can see her at any time—if you wish. Don't you consider that an act of disinterested kindness?"

Vincy put the question in a tone of dry sarcasm.

"I will confess the kindness minus the disinterestedness."

Vincy blew several smoke wreaths upward before he answered.

"Well, you will have your own opinion on matter what I should say. However, there is one fact that no one's opinion can alter—and that is, you are my son-in-law."

Havelstock stared blankly.

"A poor joke, Vincy."

"No joke at all. I have suspected it since morning, and proved within an hour that your discarded wife is mine and Georgia's daughter."

A dull, reddish, purple tinge crept over Havelstock's face as he thought that Vincy had a still deeper hold on him if this were true.

It was a vague thought, however, and was completely overwhelmed with the force of Vincy's quiet declaration.

"Your child! the little dead daughter Georgia has mourned over so many years! Is it possible?"

He drew his hand confusedly over his forehead as if trying to collect his thoughts.

"Not only possible, but positively true. It is as clear as daylight to me. Let me explain."

But Havelstock was completely unstrung by the sudden news; and, coming as it did, on the very heels of his other agitation, it found him scarcely able to bear it. He went over to a little closet and took a flask of brandy from it, and pouring a portion into a wine-glass, drank it at a gulp.

Vincy watched him curiously, marveling in the changes that the past few weeks had made in him; noting the irregular trembling of the hands that had been firm as iron, the restless anxiety and desolation in the eyes that had been so bold and bright.

Perhaps Vincy thought that Havelstock was reaping his due deserts very soon; perhaps he wondered when his own time should come; but whatever his secret thoughts, there was no token of them in his manner.

"That's the second glass of brandy since dinner, Vincy. A year ago I couldn't have stood that. But I really believe I'm nervous, lately."

"I wouldn't wonder if you were. It all occurred—the proof of the suspicion that flashed over me this morning—along of a little red mark on Ethel's arm. The moment I saw the girl's face, months ago—yes, two years ago, isn't it?—you remember I told you I couldn't get rid of her eyes. I had the queer impression renewed this morning, when I caught that one glimpse of her horrified face and anguished eyes. Why, man, it was Georgia over again! In a second it flashed over me—her name before you married her being almost identical with the name of the Welsh family to whom Lexington gave little Jessamine, according to your own account. The name was Maryl or Merrill, and the little Jessamine gave her own first name, in her lisping tongue, as plainly as she could speak—'Essie, or 'Ethie' she must have said, so that the Lawrences naturally thought the name Ethel—Ethel Maryl. Do I make it clear to you?"

Havelstock nodded gloomily.

"Altogether too clear. Good heavens, Vincy, what have I done! actually thrown away the real jewel—the heiress to all Tanglewood, for the miserable little doll up yonder!"

He was quivering like a leaf, and his eyes seemed riveted to Vincy's face in a sort of fascination.

"Aside from that," Vincy went on, easily, "was the proof of the birthmark. I never saw one like it before or since, nor has any one else, I think. I distinctly remember the cause of it—it happened long before the child was born. Georgia never forgave me for that blow that brought the blood, I fancy."

Havelstock's face was growing livid with the accumulation of regret that Fate was beginning to heap on him. He gnashed his teeth in a gust of rage that he had played his cards so miserably.

"Well," he said, after a pause, "what shall you do with her? To be sure she is my wife, but I cannot, for obvious reasons, assume the control of her."

Vincy smiled, and answered dryly: "You are right; for very obvious reasons you are powerless to assume control of her, and yet—"

He hesitated, and looked at Havelstock in a peculiarly suggestive way that Havelstock did not lose.

"Yes—and yet what?"

"Just this," and he spoke in a low, slow, confidential way; "just this; Ethel of course has no idea that you are married or that you ever changed your name by special act of legislature. She supposes, doubtless, that she is your legal wife, and, knowing as you do, her acute ideas of honor and principle and duty, no matter how agonizingly they clash with inclination and preference, you have only to abuse yourself before her and win her to you—to what she will regard her true position."

Havelstock listened eagerly, every impulse of his being seconding the suggestions so evilly thrown out.

"But she will, necessarily, hate and despise me when she learns I have been alive and neglecting her so long. I could bear anything rather than her lofty, spirited contempt."

Vincy caressed his whiskers in silence several seconds, while Havelstock watched every changing expression that came and went on his face.

"If you have two ideas in your head, Frank, you can manage all that easily enough. Trump up some yarn about your being actually nearly drowned, and being rescued later, and prostrated by a fit of prolonged sickness, and your perfect horror and amazement at finding her gone from her home where you sought her the very first opportunity you had. Re-proach her and make her feel she has wronged you in forgetting you so soon and marrying Leslie Verne."

A gleam of admiration for Vincy's devilish genius lighted Havelstock's eyes for a moment;

then a half surprised, half suspicious look came over his face.

"And you—her father, for I accept your theory and its explanatory proofs—deliberately aid and abet in this new conspiracy against her? What is the cause of your strange offer, your sudden friendliness?"

A mocking laugh, low, sardonic, answered Havelstock, who went on, eagerly.

"You know I fairly worship the girl; and now, when I find she is so much more valuable, I regard her still more highly. Yet, knowing as you do, that all her riches and position can avail me nothing, even though she is my lawful wife—why do you deliberately turn her over into my hands?"

He was speaking in serious earnest, and Vincy recognized the fact. He took his cigar from his lips, and straightened up in his chair with an air of coarse defiance in the very act.

He looked at Havelstock with his bleared, dim eyes for a second before he spoke.

"I have a reason—a good reason, too, which I will frankly state to you. You may call it what you please—moonshine and nonsense, or wisdom and sagacity. Undenially, Ethel is Georgia's child, and as such I hate her; she is too much like her mother, high-toned, aristocratic, refined for my notions. Now, you remember my sole object in coming to the city was to search for positive news of the death of Georgia's child, and for which purpose I have had a detective at work these five weeks back, until a very few days ago, when I found he had not made the slightest progress beyond the unimportant fact that the family with whom Lexington left the child were dead, years ago, when Ethel could not have been five years old. So much for my intentions, then, in that direction, which have been so miraculously accomplished by the discovery and identity of your wife as my child and Georgia's. Now, for my object in 'throwing her into your hands.'"

Vincy crossed his legs at this point, and leaned back in his chair, with an expression of sardonic satisfaction growing over his face.

Havelstock sat still, waiting in silence, and grim patience, for the explanation of Vincy's strange conduct.

"I have said I dislike her, for all her beauty and grace, simply because she is so unfortunate as to be Georgia's child. I hate Georgia with an intensity that is inexplicable, since the night her lordly husband left the impression of his hands on my throat. I have accepted as a fact the truth that Georgia is out of reach of harm by me—I have done my best and worst, and have failed. Her husband knows of my existence and yet their infernal pride keeps them together—or the love they entertain and won't acknowledge. But there remains a new instrument of torture with which to nearly drive Georgia to distraction—and this Ethel is the lever in my unscrupulous hands with which I shall move my grand lady at my pleasure. She shall feel my vengeance now! she shall realize the deep cruelties I have sworn against her! Her high head shall bow before the tempest I shall invoke, now that I have the trump card in my hand!"

His malignant satisfaction was repulsive to see, but Havelstock actually laughed with delight.

"It is clear as daylight to me. You will deliberately tear her heart, and humble her pride by letting her know her daughter is alive, and—worse than dead. You will offer to let her see her—for a consideration that will keep you in luxury for a year to come. You will do all this, and I will do my share—because we both have an instinctive taste for wickedness and vice. You, her father, can concoct the vile scheme, I, her husband, will help carry it out!"

Havelstock smiled diabolically.

"You are right," retorted Vincy, coldly. "I sold my soul long ago, and Satan shall complain of my dereliction in duty so long as the installments of revenge and triumph come regularly. Will you see Ethel now or to-morrow?"

"Give me the address and I will see her in the morning while you will find Georgia up at my house."

After that they separated, Vincy to go to his home, under whose roof Georgia's child was a prisoner, reveling in the promise of good fortune that had so unexpectedly come to him.

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officer, whose face was pale and emaciated. He lay in the warm sunlight that streamed over his couch, and his eyes were half closed. All at once a footstep startled him, and he opened his eyes to behold a young girl standing over him.

The recognition was mutual.

"Alice!"

"Sidney!"

The prisoner put forth a feverish hand, and the girl dropping on her knees pressed her lips to his cheeks.

"Who gave you permission to see me?" the American asked, with a look of surprise.

"Colonel Balfour!" was the reply. "Why, he even sent a messenger to our house, and invited me to come here and nurse you."

The trooper's look of surprise increased, it even startled Alice Wentworth.

"Colonel Balfour?" he murmured, "why, he is the man who hung Hayne—the man whom I have threatened to shoot on sight. That officer so kind to me? I do not understand his kindness."

He uttered the last sentence aloud.

"Nor I, but you will appreciate it, nevertheless," the girl said, with brightening eyes. "I will nurse you, Sidney, and, since the commandant has permitted us to meet, we will try to forget the cruel deeds which he has performed."

Then Alice Wentworth sat on the edge of the young trooper's cot, and the twain conversed till the sunlight no longer fell upon them. They had not met since the capture of the city by the British, in May of the previous year. Then Sidney Briscoe grounded his arms and did not fight until regularly exchanged. Now the fortunes of war had brought them together again in the same city, and while the girl regretted the wound which had caused the meeting, she rejoiced to be near him once more.

Alice Wentworth was a patriot and one of the belles of Charleston. Her sympathies did not prevent her from becoming a favorite among the British officers, and at headquarters more than one toast was drunk to her matchless southern beauty.

The days crept slowly over Lieutenant Briscoe's head. Alice Wentworth watched him with a constancy that became the topic of general conversation among the king's officers. His wounds healed rapidly, and at last he was discharged as "cured" by the surgeon who reported to Balfour.

Two hours after the report the young trooper found himself in the same room with the gallant Hayne had marched to the gibbet!

Then he saw through Balfour's kindness, and the terrible truth flashed across his mind. The letter that his British jailer flung into his room on the morning after his incarceration told him all. It told him that Colonel Balfour had not forgotten the message which he had lately sent to Charleston from Morgan's camp the message prompted by the execution of Hayne. While the doctored communication was not couched in the commandant's chirography, the prisoner knew that it had emanated from headquarters.

By-and-by a dreadful report spread over Charleston. There would soon be another execution. The colonel had discovered that Lieutenant Briscoe captured at Eutaw Springs had violated a parole. Such a report meant that the prisoner was to be hung.

Alice Wentworth heard the report with pallid face, and one night Colonel Balfour was startled to find her asking an audience.

"I can't see the girl," he said to the sentry who announced her name. "I had enough of whispering women when I did my duty in the Hayne affair. Tell her that the violator of his parole will be hung to-morrow at nine o'clock."

The girl heard the announcement with compressed lips. An icy chill swept to her heart, and she hurried from the house. Past the old jail in whose gloom lay the condemned patriot, the brave girl darted like a specter. She frightened the guard who paced to and fro beneath the forbidding walls, and did not pause until she reached a well-to-do house half a mile from Balfour's headquarters.

Her rapping was answered by a negro, and she was informed that a man whom she called Colonel Puyster was still up.

A moment later Alice Wentworth stood in the presence of a tall and prepossessing English officer of German descent, Balfour's chief of staff.

"What! beautiful Alice Wentworth!" cried the soldier, recognizing the girl. "Do be seated. It is so seldom that I receive angel visits at night that I am somewhat bewildered. It is not late: so you thought you would invade a British lion in his den."

The girl heard the chief of staff with a determined expression, and when he had finished she spoke.

"I want to ask you if you know that Lieutenant Briscoe is to be hung to-morrow?"

The colonel started, but his manner at once told the girl that he was acquainted with Balfour's fiat.

"To-morrow?"

"At nine o'clock," said Alice, coming forward. "He must not die!"

"If the commandant has said that he must hang, he will," Colonel Puyster replied. "I fear that no one could influence the colonel in the prisoner's behalf at this late hour."

"That is true, Colonel Puyster; I do not want you to be repaid in behalf of a prisoner. I have just been released from headquarters, and as I hurried down the wind-swept streets, I vowed that Sidney Briscoe shall not die!"

Puyster cast the girl a look of astonishment. He saw her dark eyes flash like twin stars, and he saw her glared with the spirit of the enthusiasm that animated her breast.

"Alice Wentworth, you cannot keep that vow," he said. "A girl cannot outwit Colonel Balfour. He is a man who can withstand the pleading tears of such eyes as yours. No! Go home, girl, and let military justice take its course."

"Go home and let him die!" cried Alice. "You do not know me! Colonel Puyster, I have listened to tales of love from your lips. I admire the handsome, daring soldier that I see in you. Will you forsake me now? Must I tear your image from my heart because you refuse to succor one of my countrymen—to let me save him from an unrighteous doom?"

"Refuse to let you save him?" said the soldier, whose very temples had flushed under Alice's words and look. "Save him if you can!"

"And, failing, turn from you—failing, brand you a man unfit to love! What would your brother officers say? Roger Puyster, you must help me!"

The colonel could not speak. He looked at the American girl with eyes full of bewilderment; but at last managed to find his tongue.

"You would make a traitor of the colonel's chief of staff, Alice!"

"But in a good cause. You write like the commandant; therefore write me an order for Sidney Briscoe's release."

Puyster was thunderstruck; he started back,

and stared at the girl as though he believed her bereft of reason.

"I mean it!" and from beneath the folds of her shawl which she had not put aside, she drew a handsome English pistol—a present from the very man whom she now confronted.

"Alice Wentworth, this is outrageous!"

"Sir, it is a duty I owe to my country!" was the girl's reply. "My visit hither will never be known, and no one will suspect your action."

"But the act is unbecoming the soldier. You would have me commit the basest forgery of which a soldier can be guilty."

"Liberty will secure your pardon for the offense. I cannot wait. The night is creeping away. There are writing materials on the table. Write an order for the prisoner's deliverance to the person who shall carry the paper to the prison."

"And sign Balfour's name to the document?"

"Yes."

"What will you do if I refuse?"

"I will send a bullet into your bosom!"

Colonel Puyster saw the girl's lips close firmly behind the last word and came forward.

This was the beautiful girl to whom but a few weeks prior to the date of our story he had whispered words of love. But she had put him off, for she did not wish to incur the anger of any British officer in Charleston. Again and again the colonel had pressed his suit; but as often had Alice prevaricated in a manner which led him to believe that he would eventually win her.

What could he do when he found this same lovely girl standing before him with a pistol in her hand? He wavered between the commission of a high crime and—as he believed—the loss of her love; but he did not waver long.

"Do it, Roger Puyster!" she said, when he had reached the table. "We may not grace the commandant's ball next week."

He gave her a glance and a groan welled from his breast. It told of the loss of honor, and she watched him half pityingly while he wrote the following words:

"TO THE PRISON GUARDS: Pass the bearer of this to Lieutenant Briscoe. The bearer is ordered to conduct the prisoner from the jail. Signed, Balfour."

"There!" said the colonel, handing the signed order to the girl who stood on the opposite side of the table. "For your pretty eyes, Alice Wentworth, for your love, a colonel of the king's army has plunged into the sea of crime. He has bartered his honor; he has placed his very neck in your hands—his love has long been yours."

"Not here!" she said. "Colonel Puyster, I did not come here to talk of love. I will not betray you. The secret of your deed is safe in my hands, and, believe me, when I say that it will never be divulged to those who would punish!"

The pistol was lowered, and Alice Wentworth moved toward the door.

"No reward for my crime?" cried the officer, springing toward her. "Arnold received a commission for his treachery. Alice Wentworth, where is Roger Puyster's reward?"

She stopped, smiled, and put forth her hand, which he seized and covered with kisses.

A moment later she was gone, and the lofty officer sat at his table with his face buried in his hands.

The patriot girl hurried toward her home from which presently emerged a youthful-looking British officer. This person went in direction of the jail, and was admitted into the building when the guard had examined a brief order signed by the commandant.

That order brought Sidney Briscoe from his cell, and it was not until his conductor had passed beyond the city with him that he began to suspect the truth.

"Saved!" cried his rescuer, turning suddenly upon him. "Oh! Sidney, there will be no execution in Charleston to-morrow. Look! the light in the steeple of St. Michael's."

Yes, he was saved! Alice Wentworth, dressed in the uniform of a British captain, stood before him, and the embrace that followed was full of thanks for deliverance from death. The uniform that Alice had borrowed on pretense of attending the commandant's *bal masque*, had assisted her in carrying out her daring plans.

Thus did the bravery of one woman save a patriot from the gallows.

Alice Wentworth and her lover escaped to Marion's camp, where a fighting parson made them one, and Colonel Puyster waited in vain for her return. Luckily for the chief of staff, Balfour did not discover his complicity in the lieutenant's escape; but, fearing discovery, he resigned his commission, and returned to England.

FAITHFUL AMONG THE FAITHLESS.

Once in a while, in this world so strange, To lighten our sad regrets, We may find a "heart that is true through change."

And a heart that never forgets, But rare as a rose in December, As a bird in an Arctic clime, Is a heart that can ever remember, Through sorrow, and change, and time.

Once in a while we find a friend That will cling through good and ill; Whose friendship follows 'e'en to the end, Be it up or down the hill.

But the heart so true and the love so tender, And friendship's faithful smile, Whether we dwell in sadness or splendor, We find but once in a while.

The Reign of the Siren.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"UPON my word! How did you ever find time to come here, Ulster? The last man I expected to meet, and I'm glad of it."

Rothley's hearty handshake pointed his rather vague expression, and made it appear that he was glad of the meeting, not the disappointment of his expectations.

"I'm willing to wager there's not a man here who has earned his holiday more faithfully than I have," said Ulster, smilingly.

"But it strikes me it is going to be rather slow work with nothing on earth to do but saunter about with my hands in my pockets, and stare at people I never saw before."

"You might be at worse business—will be if you fall in with the general fashion and succumb to the Malverns. There is young Merwin. Do you know him?"

Ulster looked at the young man sauntering past on one of the popular walks of that quiet resort. "Slightly. That wreck! Great heavens! what a change."

"I don't wonder you are shocked. I was myself, and I have seen more men go to perdition, probably, than you ever dreamed were

on the way. His mother and sister are here with him, which makes it worse."

"What is taking him?" asked Ulster, with more interest than two minutes before he would have imagined he possessed in fast Guy Merwin's career. "Dissipation?"

"That and something worse. Utter recklessness, and love for a woman who is ruining him with as little remorse as that sort of thing is ever done. The Merwin fortune isn't limitless, and what there is of it, what is not going in a constant stream to swell her father's winnings (he's a sharper at cards, and plays her off as a sort of decoy duck, I would say), is fast being swallowed up in lavish gifts to his Circe. The jewels she wears are fit for a queen. She has other devotees, but none quite so strongly infatuated as Guy. It makes me think of the Romaine affair. You remember his end?"

"Romaine? Shot himself, did he not?"

"Yes, and the woman who was at the bottom of that mischief looked down at him wailing in his life's blood that he did the thing in sensational style in her presence—and said angrily, 'What a scandal! It will make me the talk of the town.'"

"And Merwin's enchantress is as heartless?"

"You shall judge for yourself. I'll take you to see her to-night. They give charming little dinners, with social games following, and the victims are selected with so much care that they never suspect they are such until they find themselves fleeced. It is a responsibility, though. How am I to know you will not fall under the spell of the siren?"

"Trust me," said Ulster, with a shrug. "I have been there once."

"You!" His friend gave him a look of complete amazement. "I would as soon have suspected—myself. Let's have the story."

"There is not time to make a story of it between this and dinner," Ulster replied, consulting his watch. "Besides, it's a sore subject with me to this day. Here's a sketch of the plot: myself at twenty-one, with all my worldly wealth in my pocket, on board a train for Chicago to avail myself of a business opening offered me and my little capital there. Time, night, when a girl entered and took the vacant seat beside me, the world, wonderful beauty of whose face as she turned it toward me painted itself in tints glorious as Titian on my heart. You never suspected me of being poetical, did you, Rothley? Neither did I fancy myself glib until that night. Never mind how it came about, I divided that she was in distress, and asked if I could be of assistance, I believe, and the result was her confidence, a story which you or I would smile at now, but that was seven years ago and I was only twenty-one. Made up of a tyrannical papa who meant to force her into a hateful marriage, her flight to seek the protection of her mother's friends, and a thrilling crisis of discovery which menaced her at the moment. My sympathies were worked upon, but I was not dazzled quite to the degree of offering her my hand and heart as a defense against her persecutors, but I did prevail upon her to accept money to aid her flight by another route—she had artlessly revealed that she had spent all hers by taking, through ticket by this—and myself helped her on board a train going in a different direction at the first point a change could be effected. It seemed a little thing to me then that I missed my own by doing so, but it took on different proportions when I found that my watch, likewise my wallet with every dollar I had in the world, had gone with her. It was the last I ever saw of them, as you may suppose. Come along, now, and point out the notables."

Two ladies were before them on the way to dinner, and Rothley whispered:

"Love Merwin and her mother. Her name is Olivia, I believe, but the diminutive suits her admirably. She acts like an angel toward that wild brother of hers, and any one less thoroughly abandoned than he would have a thought for her future, if not for his own."

Ulster looked once upon the blush-rose face of the girl, noting the anxious, far-away look in the starry brown eyes, and the destiny which had been lying in wait during all the years of his manhood had sprung upon him unawares. Fate had come to him in the shape of Love Merwin, and whatever others might say, it must be his task to save, if that might be, the brother she loved.

That was his uppermost thought as with Rothley he was shown into the luxurious apartment where infatuated Guy spent the most of his time those days.

He was there then. Three or four others, men also—only men visited that house, Ulster found later—were gathered about a card-table where Captain Malvern, the host, looked up with a careless nod of welcome.

"How do, Rothley? You've come for your revenge, I suppose. Not? Oh, well, then; take your friend over and ask Gabrielle to give you a song, if you like. It won't be intruding—oh, no!"

He waved them toward the distant corner where the piano stood, silent now, the two figures there forming a suggestive tableau. Guy, with an elbow upon the instrument, was gazing into the face which was turned from them, his eyes flashing with an unusual light, his cheeks flushed with an unwonted glow.

"He is given moments like these when our friend, the captain, has other quarry in view," confided Rothley. "The woman is without mercy. Miss Malvern, allow me the pleasure!"

The small head, with soft masses of bronze-black hair piled high upon it, turned, and the weird, wonderful beauty of a face which had lived fresh in his memory for seven years was before Ulster again. He could not mistake her, but there was no recognition in the careless glance she gave him. The change from the boyish strippling to the bearded man might have defied much closer scrutiny.

"If you are going to lecture—don't!" said Guy. "Others have tried that on before, Ulster, and there's no use. There's no comparing your case and mine, the unknown adventures you struck your fancy for a moment, and the woman whom I love." His voice lingered like a cadence over the last.

"Not when the two are one! I am only telling you the bitter truth. Gabrielle Malvern is that adventuresome."

A spasm crossed Guy's handsome, haggard face.

"Why do you tell me this?" he cried. "How can you know? Be the truth what it may, I will not believe it. Say no more. Heaven help me, sooner than you should convince me I would make an end of it all down there."

With a gesture he indicated the river where it ran broad and sparkling through the green fields below them. "I have thought of it before," he went on in a hard, desperate way; "when I knew I was making mother and Love miserable. I am not so blind but I know it is for Love's sake you take an interest in me, Ulster. I am not ungrateful, but mine is a hopeless case. I would stake my soul if it would win me Gabrielle."

"She doesn't want your soul, dear boy. Not

your love, even. Your money is the only lure, and it would seem she has succeeded in getting a pretty good share of it."

"You shall not say so. You shall not hold her answerable for her father's faults. It is the more to her honor that she is a dutiful daughter to such an old hunk as that. So dutiful, Lord pity me! that she gives me no hope."

No possible good could come from arguing with him, but Ulster determined to make one final effort toward helping him through this crisis which threatened to wreck his life. That evening he went to see Miss Malvern. The lady was out but expected momentarily, and he went in to wait. Standing by a window he saw her approaching presently, walking by the captain's side, and from her defiant bearing and his heated and angry looks, divined that there had been a quarrel between them. They entered together a moment later, and in the twilight obscurity at his end of the room Ulster remained unobserved. A lamp was burning on a distant mantel, and sweeping up to pause within the circle of light it shed, Gabrielle turned her face toward her companion, the red flame of an intense excitement burning in either cheek.

"Do you refuse, then, to give me my freedom on my own terms?"

"I refuse to give you your freedom on any terms, madam. Who would imagine your penchant would develop into such a passion! Indulge it to your heart's content, my dear. I am no jealous tyrant to interfere with your pleasure, but to separate—bah! I thought you knew better than to ask it."

Ulster could hear her panting breath, could see her strong white fingers interlace in a straining clasp.

"I will never be your willing slave again, never again your tool. Refuse me this, and it will be the worse for you."

"Threats don't come gracefully from you, my dear," he retorted with a sneer. "It don't require the offense of bigamy added to give me the power to close the prison bolts upon you. You might return the compliment, perhaps, but you are aware of the fact that you would never have the chance of doing it. Let this child's play cease. I freely accord you every liberty save one—a change of husbands. If I hear any more of that I will drop the paternal character, make known my rightful claim, and put an end to these little amusements of yours. It would be a pity, and cut short our profits, but these scenes grow tiresome. I will, in any event, do myself the pleasure of informing Mr. Merwin to-morrow how the matter stands."

A tawny, tigerish gleam came into the woman's watchful eyes. "You will?"

"I will, as surely as to-morrow comes."

He turned toward a table at one side which held a bottle and glasses, and pouring a draught of amber-hued liquor, drank it off; then flung himself into a chair as if prepared to take his ease.

Gabrielle paced the room back and forth a couple of times, and once, as she passed the table, Ulster saw her hesitate, saw her hand extended over the glasses, but if she had meant to drink she changed her mind, and, turning to her walk, stood still so near him that by putting out her hand she might have touched him.

She never saw him. Her gaze was fixed down upon his crafty, furrowed face, and silvered hair. He seemed to feel it and grow restless under it, for presently he started up and tossing off another bumper strode from the room.

Next instant Gabrielle recoiled with a look of terror as Ulster advanced.

"What I have chanced to overhear relieves me of the mission I came to perform," he said, unceremoniously. "I can almost say that my loss of seven years ago is repaid in the knowledge I have gained. You took my meager fortune then; now I shall prevent your holding the fortune of a true man's heart. If Captain Malvern fails to tell his story, I will not."

The wave of horror passed over her face and was gone, but that baffled, desperate and despairing expression came back to him afterward, and haunted him in spite of himself.

She gave a short, bitter laugh, and laid her hand upon his arm for an instant as she looked up into his eyes.

"You have the power, and I see that you mean to expose me. Very well. Tell him also this: That I loved him, Guy—loved him to the extent of risking my soul for him; loved him so I could not live and know myself infamous in his eyes. Be content, Mr. Ulster. You have saved your friend. You will soon know at what cost."

He did not understand her then. He left the house full of strange misgivings, but next morning left in a flood of light.

Captain Malvern and his reputed daughter were both dead of poison. Ulster knew then what the mission of the white hand had been flitting over the glass; knew that the first crime, committed too late to accomplish her object, left the blackness of the unknown beyond less appalling than the black life which must have been hers had she escaped the consequences of her futile, evil deed.

Guy recovered from the shock the truth gave him in time, and Ulster, winning Love Merwin's gratitude first, won Love herself ere long.

Of the beautiful Mrs. Belknap we are told, by a Washington correspondent, that "Mrs. Amanda Tomlinson Bowers was married two years ago in December to the Secretary of War. She was heartily welcomed to the Cabinet circle here, and has held a foremost place among the ladies who are acknowledged queens in society. She has been especially distinguished for her ready tact in receiving the strangers who each week throng the houses of the members of the Cabinet. She always had an appropriate greeting ready for each comer. She has appeared to the greatest advantage this winter, and has gone much into society, as from her position she was compelled to do. She displayed great taste in dress, and wears the richest materials."

And this, of her style of beauty and manner of dress: "All shades and colors are becoming to Mrs. Belknap's style, and she indulged in Washington's most effective combinations. At the many entertainments she has attended this winter she has looked equally beautiful, whether attired in pale rose-colored silk, with soft, creamy lace, or turquoise blue silk, with long garlands of flowers trimming, the low corsage and very short sleeves, as well as the ablier and trains of ivory-tinted silk trimmed with fringe and lace, or even her carriage costumes, one of black velvet and lace, another of blue velvet, trimmed with bands of pheasants' feathers. She has many other toilets of the richest material. Mrs. Belknap is dainty from head to foot. Hats and bows match each costume. Her foot is the smallest in Washington. She wears number one and a half shoes, though she is five feet six inches in height."

TO A MALCONTENT.

BY JOHN GOSSIP.

Be thou content with thine own skies,
Nor fancy that o'er others' eyes
A greater wealth of glory lies,
For these are reddest reds, and blues
As vivid as the heavens know;
And thine are all the richest hues
That cast reflection down below!

Be thou content; this world for thee
Was made when it was made for all;
And every beauty thou dost see,
However great its grandeur be,
Is for thy heart alone, and thou art
Be thou content unto life's end,
And fling away thy pall!

The Fandango Prize.

BY GEORGE W. BROWNE.

RECKLESS RAY, being next called upon for a story, told us the following:

"I used to belong to Walker's Rangers, but after a while I got tired of the life; an' so Will Harper, one uv the Rangers, an' I started out fur a tramp on our own hook. We finally brought up at the settlement uv Fernandez, in the Taos valley."

"I had no thoughts uv stoppin in Fernandez more than a day or two. But I seed that Will didn't want to leave, and I soon found that he hed got smitten by one uv the dark-eyed senoritas; an' that he was waitin' for the consent uv her parents, so that she c'd go with him when he left. So es Will wished it, I concluded to stop a spell."

"Wal, Will an' I hed been thar 'bout a fortnight, when word was given out that thar war goin' to be a fandango at Don Cornelio Salazar's, the home uv Dolores, Will's gal. Of course, Will an' I war all high to go, an' was on hand at an early hour."

"Thar was a big crowd thar that night; an' with music enough, an' whisky plenty, we hed a grand old time. Besides me an' Will, thar was Bill Garey, jess from the mountains, and an old Arkansaw trapper, whose name I disremember. P'raps we war rather rough on the Greasers, but they hed to stand back an' give us most uv the floor; fur we war in fur a good time, an' war bound to hev it. You know, Hillbuck, old hoss, that no darned Spaniard can't shine in a crowd like that. Wag!"

"At last, one uv the Greasers, grown mad with whisky an' jealousy, seized the partner from the waist-up, an' arm uv the Arkansaw trapper. For an instant, the trapper stood erect as a pillar; then drawin' back his arm, he placed his huge fist 'tween the Greaser's eyes, with such force es to send him sprawlin' to the floor."

"War, long threatened, hed commenced; the fandango hed turned to a fight; an' a score uv Greasers rushed upon the trapper, who stood his ground, an' swept them down with his ponderous fist, one after another, es they pressed upon him. The rest uv us war not long idle, but drawin' our knives, we went to the aid of our friend. Ef we'd only hed our rifles, which we'd left at our stoppin' place, we sh'd hev stood a better chance; but with only our knives to fight a whole room-full uv Greasers, blocked in by the screamin' women, that were tryin' to git out, we stood a mighty slim chance. In a minnit, I seed th' Arkansaw trapper fall; an' purty soon, Bill Garey went under, too. Then, es inch by inch, the Greasers pressed Will an' I back inter the corner, so inch by inch, we foug 'em; sendin' our knives up to Green River in more than one dirty Greaser. But we knowed that ef sumthin' didn't turn up fur us, we must soon go under."

"Suddenly, 'bove the noise uv the fight, kem the cry, 'Fire fire!' Then the Greasers forgot Will an' I, an' thought only uv gettin' out uv the burnin' buildin'; which they did in the quickest time possible. Will an' I attempted to folloer, but before we c'd git to the door, it was shut an' securely fastened, makin' us prisoners in the burnin' buildin'."

"I never knowed whether the fire was set on purpose, or that it caught accidentally; but it made little difference to me an' Will, who war in it, an' he'd got to git out uv it, or be roasted to death. Will grabbed a hatchet from one uv the dead Greasers, an' in a minnit he hed the door so that he swung it open. But es he did so a volley uv bullets kem whistlin' round his head; an' he jess saved his life by jumpin' back into the room. Then we seed that the buildin' was surrounded by Greasers, armed to the teeth, ready to kill us the minnit we sh'd show ourselves. Thus to rush out was to go to a quick an' sure death, from the hands uv the cussed Greasers."

"Nearer an' nearer kem the fire! hotter an' hotter growed the heat! till we c'd hardly stand it; then, tightenin' our belts a notch, Will an' I, armed with our long knives, stood ready to rush out an' die fightin' like men, rather than to meet a more lingerin' death from the fire. Suddenly thar kem a sharp cry, an' the next instant a light form bounded through the doorway, followed by the report of rifles, an' the whiz uv bullets. It was the Mexican gal, Dolores Salazar."

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"I ALWAYS THINK OF YOU."

A Lover's Wandering.

BY JOE WOT, JR.

When fashions through all changes flit,
And one in style must ever be,
And her new dress will hardly fit,
I wonder if she thinks of me!

When the sweet sun sinks to his bourne,
And sunset light is on the sea,
And kitchen fire will never burn,
I wonder if she thinks of me!

When darkness falls, and lights are lit,
And, sitting down to evening tea,
She finds the steak is burned a bit,
I wonder if she thinks of me!

When Boreas round her dwelling blows
And whistles shrill with Arctic glee,
And shivering to her room she goes,
I wonder if she thinks of me!

When morning in the east far set,
Her dreamful eyes unfold to see,
And breakfast she must help to get,
I wonder if she thinks of me!

When the long week is growing late
And tells that Sabbath fair will be,
The milliner forgets her hat,
I wonder if she thinks of me!

When dark skies over nature frown,
And rain descends suddenly,
The clothes-line lists the washing down,
I wonder if she thinks of me!

When flatterers praise her face that glows
In gatherings where I cannot be,
I very surely can't suppose
That she is thinking, then, of me.

The Elizabeth and Jane.

BY HENRI MONTCALM.

CAPTAIN ZEBULON TOWNSEND and his boy Ezra stood at the cabin-hatch of the Elizabeth and Jane, talking together. The mate, Johnson, was forward somewhere, and the cook was in the galley. The schooner lay at single anchor in Newport harbor, all loaded and ready for sea, except that she had not hands enough.

"Never saw white men so scarce since I sailed in the old Resolution in thirty-four. I'm afeared we'll hev' to put up with some blasted furriers or other, arter all," Captain Zeb was saying, when they were hailed by a passing boat with two men in it.

"Hullo, on board the schooner."
"What's wanted?" spoke up Captain Zeb, coming to the side.

"To-night, do you go to sea?"
"Wal, that depends. Probably we do and probably we don't."

The speaker in the boat showed his teeth in a ghastly kind of a smile. He spoke very good English himself, but he was an Italian and the ambiguity of the captain's answer puzzled him. He said a few words to his companion, a man not as well dressed and less prepossessing generally than he was, who had been sculling the boat. Then he turned again.

"We heard you did want two more," holding up two fingers.
"Two more what?" questioned the skipper, obtusely.

"Two more men."
"Ay, but you're not men; you're furriers."

Again the stranger showed his ghastly white teeth. As for the man in the stern, he scowled and still kept silent.

"D'ye want to ship?" Captain Zeb at length asked, thinking that the breeze to northward wouldn't hold longer than night and he must get under weigh as soon as possible. "Wal, come aboard and we'll talk it over." So the spokesman of the two came over the side, while the other remained by the boat. The result of a short conference was that the two were engaged, and pulled ashore again at once for their traps. Less than an hour after this the Elizabeth and Jane got up her anchor and stood out past the fort; then Ezra eased her away and she glided out toward the open sea. At sunset Block Island lay directly astern. "Wal, Ezra," asked the captain, at supper, "What do you make of the furriers? They seem willin' and handy."

"Yes," said Ezra; "but for all that I don't think I quite like their looks. I should know them for a brace of second-hand pirates anywhere. It's well to keep an eye on 'em."

The two strangers had shipped under the names of Pietro Vanucci and Tontino Fabiano, Vanucci being he of the ghastly smile, and appearing rather the superior in manners and intelligence. Fabiano was a sullen, ill-conditioned sort of fellow, and only on the third day out gave signs of a disposition to make himself troublesome. It was just at noon; the captain and Ezra were in the cabin and only the mate and Fabiano on deck. The latter, receiving some order and going about his execution reluctantly and in an unmistakably insolent manner, Johnson struck him impatiently about the legs with a rope's end he happened to have in his hand, turning away carelessly as he did it. But, quick as lightning, the Italian faced about, and seeing the mate's back to him, drew his sheath-knife and sprung toward him. Another instant and the blade would have done its work; but just then Douce, the negro cook, came out of the galley with a coffee-pot in one hand and a plate of meat in the other. He took in the situation at a glance, dropped everything, and just as the would-be assassin sprung forward, he seized a heavy stick from the wood-pile and with a swinging blow felled him to the deck. They picked him up in a state of insensibility; but he was not severely hurt and before night was on deck again with his head bound up, sullenly going about his duty. The captain went forward and remonstrated with him a little and swore at him a good deal. Fabiano stood scowling fiercely and not answering a word; but his comrade excused him as best he could, saying that Tontino was very quick-tempered but really meant nothing, and so the matter dropped.

Three days after this Ezra came down into the cabin where his father was busy over the log-book, and thrusting his hand into his bosom, pulled out a pair of revolvers. "See here, did," said he, "I've made a haul."

"Where'd them come from?" demanded Captain Zeb, picking up one of the weapons. "From the chest supposed to be the common property of our friends from Italy." Then he went on to describe the process of capture. "You see, the smooth-tongued one, he was on the hatch fast asleep, and his illustrious compatriot was forward somewhere peeping away indolently at his usual job of doing nothing. So I just tipped Johnson the wink to send him up to see that main tops'l, while I ransacked the fore-castle and found these. What put me up to it was seeing the two jabbering together rather suspiciously last night. I made up my mind that something was up. If we're not careful, it's my opinion we'll all wake up some morning with

our throats cut. I think we'd do well to put 'em both in irons, only we can't very well work the schooner without 'em."

But Captain Zeb didn't look at the matter in quite so sanguinary a light. He was an easy-going old salt and disposed to see the bright side of things. "I guess 'tain't quite so bad as that, Ezra," he answered. "I'm ready to believe most anything of them darned furriers; but they're too cowardly by half to mutiny. Howsomever, we might just as well keep these playthings for 'em."

The captain had occasion to change his mind about the danger of the situation before he was many days older. One starry night about ten o'clock—it was the mate's watch on deck with one of the Italians—Ezra, suddenly awakened by a cry from his father, drew a revolver from beneath his pillow and leaped out of his berth. By the light of the cabin lamp he saw the two sailors, one armed with a knife the other with an axe, apparently about to make a second assault upon his father, who was sitting up in bed with a pistol in his hand and his face all covered with blood. Hardly stopping to take aim, the boy fired at one of the villains, who immediately cried out that he was shot, and dropping his knife, ran up the cabin stairs. The other, no other than Vanucci, uttered an oath at finding himself thus deserted, struck at Ezra with the axe, knocking him down and, as he found afterward, breaking his left arm, then followed his companion on deck, pulling the hatch to behind him and turning the key in the pad-lock.

Ezra arose at once and went to his father. He found him fallen back in his bunk and now insensible from the effects of a severe blow on the head. He had also been stabbed through the fleshy part of the arm. Ezra rubbed his hands and bathed his face, and presently had the satisfaction of seeing him feebly open his eyes. The old man was badly, but as far as Ezra could see not dangerously hurt. Then he turned his attention to his own injury. It was really a very serious one under the circumstances. With what aid his father could give him, however—and a sailor is always more or less of a surgeon—the arm was set and bandaged. Then through all the rest of the night Ezra kept watch there, all the while in terrible anxiety and pain. He knew nothing of how matters stood on deck or what had become of Johnson and the negro; he could only fear that the very worst had befallen them.

At daybreak Vanucci came to the companion-way and called to them, not, however, unlocking it. Ezra grasped his revolvers, fully expecting an assault and determined to sell his life as dearly as possible; but it seemed the man only wanted to parley with his prisoners.

"The liquor—will you send it up? We want the liquor," he shouted.

"Come down and get it if you want it, you cowardly whelp," replied Ezra. At this there was a great deal of cursing and swearing above and a low spoken conference between the two Italians; and then Vanucci spoke again.

"We mean no harm to you—you and your father; but you are in our power. The mate and the cook, they are both dead quite; but you—we want you to navigate. If you will do that, you shall be landed safely."

"Very well, open the hatch and I'll come on deck."
"But the pistols—you must pass first them up."

"I'll see you hanged first," answered Ezra.

At this the Italian went away again. The situation of the prisoners was certainly not a very pleasant one. Captain Zeb was worse than helpless, and Ezra himself felt that with one arm broken he could hardly venture to make any attempt upon the mutineers. There were liquors and provisions enough in the cabin to enable them to sustain a siege of some length; and with all the firearms in his possession Ezra did not greatly fear an attack from them. As to their designs, he could form no satisfactory conclusion. If the weather held good—and at that season of the year and in that latitude the chances were that it would—the Italians might hope to manage the vessel; but, unless Vanucci was lying to him, as Ezra strongly suspected, and really understood navigation, they could not navigate her themselves. At any rate, the instruments and charts were all in the cabin. What was to be done? Sit there and wait until circumstances should free them? The idea did not suit Ezra at all. He was an enterprising youth and thought it would be a fine thing to recapture the schooner single-handed and turn the tables on the rascally Italians. If he could only get on deck in some way; but there stood one of them at the helm all the time, with an axe beside him, ready to smother it up and brain him at any time, even could he succeed in breaking through the cabin hatch.

Just about this time, Ezra's cogitations were interrupted by Captain Zeb, calling faintly for water. Alas! here was a difficulty he had not thought of before. Except the half-pail still remaining on the table, they had not a drop of water in the cabin. All the water on board was either stowed away in the hold or was contained in a couple of casks on deck. And without water they must yield sooner or later. He himself might get along many days; but his father, hot and feverish from his wound, must have it.

Ezra told his father how the matter stood, but the old man saw a way out of the difficulty at once.

"Are both the rascals on deck?" he inquired, feebly. Ezra listened, and the two sailors could be faintly heard talking together near the wheel. "All right," the captain went on. "Pull the table out, and you'll find the bulk-head behind it is fitted up with bolts and a slide. You can easily crawl out forward and tap one of the water-casks. But you must be still about it, for the fore-hatch is off."

Ezra pulled back the table and easily removed the bulk-head as directed. Then, without saying anything of his design to his father, he put the revolvers in his pocket and noiselessly crawled through the opening. But he thought no more of the water. His object was of far greater importance just then—he had made up his mind to get on deck by the fore-hatch. Carefully he crept along over the cargo, having already taken the precaution to remove his shoes, and without difficulty he reached the hatch. Loaded as the vessel was, he could easily raise his head above the hatch and get sight of the deck. Before doing so, however, he stopped a moment and listened. He fancied he could still hear the hum of voices, and then a loud laugh from Vanucci assured him they were still by the wheel. Luckily the galley was directly between him and them. Then with great difficulty and not without many twinges of pain from his wounded arm he swung himself upon deck and crept stealthily toward the galley. The door was open, and he was able to get inside without being seen; there he paused to recover breath and

reflect upon his next step. Should he go aft, revolver in hand, and threaten to shoot the two men if they did not submit? This was the only plan he had formed, and yet it was not without danger. They might spring upon him; and even should he kill one of them, which very likely he would not do at a single shot, the other could easily overpower him, crippled as he was.

But while he was thus deliberating, suddenly he heard footsteps coming forward. He cocked his revolver and stood quite still in the darkest corner of his hiding-place. Perhaps the man was coming in there. If so, Ezra made up his mind that he should fall dead at the threshold. But no. Whichever of them it was, he walked straight by, whistling carelessly; and Ezra, peering out cautiously through a crack, was overjoyed to see Vanucci disappearing down the fore-castle. Swiftly an instantly he crept forward again, and planning the whole movement beforehand with his eye, he reached the fore-castle undiscovered, and with a sudden jerk, pulled the fore-scuttle to its place, and quickly secured it.

It was now with great difficulty that the brave fellow refrained from shouting with joy at the improved condition of things. He glided back to the galley and then, revolver in hand, started aft and appeared all at once before the unsuspecting helmsman. Had the ghost of one of the murdered men come over the side at that moment, Fabiano could scarcely have exhibited signs of greater fear. With white lips and quaking limbs, he fell upon his knees and begged that his life might be spared. "Well, my friend," said Ezra, coolly, "we'll see about that presently. Just now you'll be kind enough to step into the main rigging and take up your position in the cross-trees. If you come down again before you're sent for, I'll let daylight through you in a dozen places. Come, up with you," and he gave the prostrate man a push with his foot. So Fabiano picked himself up, rather gratefully than otherwise, and took himself aloft. Ezra briefly shouted to his father what he had done, and then, all the while keeping his eyes on Fabiano, he went forward again, and by means of a rope round the windlass managed to drag an anchor along the deck and on top the fore-scuttle.

This task performed the next thing was to dispose of the prisoner's comrade. He ordered him on deck once more and compelling him to lie down flat on his stomach amidships, he fastened a stout rope to the star-board main rigging and then "seized" it firmly to the wrists of the Italian, passing it along his back and making him keep his arms extended wide. This done, he took the other end of the rope and bidding the sailor rise, he drew it taut and made it fast to the port shrouds forward; and there was the valiant Fabian, with arms stretched to their widest extent, safely strung up on his toes like a dancing-jack on a wire. Then Ezra felt so good that he stood there with his hands in his pockets and laughed till the tears ran; though even this indignity Fabiano did not appear to resent. His mood seemed to have changed wonderfully since the turn of affairs.

It was now three o'clock in the afternoon. The Italians had reduced the schooner's canvas to mainsail, foresail and main-jib, and Ezra felt that as long as the weather remained fine he could easily run the vessel. Perhaps his father might help him some in the course of a few days. He went down into the cabin and to the old man's great delight related the full particulars of his exploit. When the story was finished, Captain Zeb solemnly said, "Ezra, you're a chip of the old block. I couldn't hev' managed the thing better ef I'd been up and about myself. As for them scoundrels, consarn their ugly pictures, soon's ever I git better we'll drum up the whole ship's company and hang 'em to the yard-arm—or mebbe the jib-boom or fore-peak would do, seein' the Elizabeth and Jane ain't square-rigged."

The weather continued all that could be wished through the night. Ezra of course got no rest except by dozing occasionally over the wheel. At daybreak, to his great joy, there was a sail in sight. He ran his colors up to the mast-head union down and altered his course so as to intercept the stranger. Half an hour later the latter came about on the other tack, having evidently discovered his signal. The two vessels rapidly approached each other and at nine o'clock were within hailing distance. The strange brig proved to be the Gustavus of Stockholm. As the two vessels came up into the wind, after the usual exchange of names and destination, the following conference took place:

"Can you send us three or four hands?" cried Ezra. "Two of our crew have mutinied, killed the mate and cook and disabled the captain. I've got the rascal safe but I don't like to work the schooner alone."

"Will you acknowledge full claim for salvage if I send you a crew?"

Here came up Captain Zeb's voice from the cabin where he had been eagerly listening: "Tell him we'll see him in Tophet first."

"No sir-ree!" answered Ezra, in reply to the Swedish captain, "but we'll give you a good bonus and pay the men well."

"But you can't take your schooner in without help. I'll take a fortnight, and you'll see rough weather before that."

"We shan't be any worse off than before we saw you," answered Ezra, carelessly.

"Give you three hundred dollars and pay the men double wages;" and on these terms the men were sent on board.

With their assistance Vanucci was secured and both the mutineers put in irons. Fourteen days after the Elizabeth and Jane dropped her anchor off St. Bartholomew, and the prisoners were delivered up to a United States ship-of-war. Captain Zeb, who had by this time pretty nearly recovered, went at once to the consul and entered complaint against them. The cargo was disposed of, another of sugars taken in its place, and on the fifth of November the Elizabeth and Jane sailed for home again. Six months after, on the testimony of Captain Zeb and Ezra, the two Italians were condemned, and shortly after executed.

In a book called "Courtship, Love, and Matrimony," published 1660, there is this clause concerning privileges of women in leap year: "Albeit it is now become a part of the common law, in regard to social relations of life, that as often as every bissextile year doth return, the ladies have the sole privilege during the time it continueth of making love unto the men, which they do, either by words or looks, as to them it seemeth prefer; and, moreover, no man will be entitled to the benefit of clergy who doth in any wise treat her proposal with slight or contumely."

If that was true then are we less civilized now? No, ladies! It is your special privilege to do the courting, this year, but we trust you'll exercise your rights mercifully.

WHERE OBERON DWELLS.

A Spring Ditty.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

"The land hath monsters, as the waters have;
And this is of them."—SHAKESPEARE.

I can tell you exactly where Oberon dwells,
With his magical power and his wonderful spells,
That makes ugliness beauty
And wickedness duty.

And jumble the hearts and the fancies of belles,
That no "here" nor "there;"
And I freely declare
That nowhere in this city

Of pretty and witty,
Nor anywhere near to an uncertain square,
Does this fun-loving king of the fairies abide,
Who played such a whimsical trick on his bride

(I give you the cream
Of "Midsommer-Night's Dream").
In the head of the sweetest, most guileless of girls,
With brain full of notions, crown brilliant with curls.

And a heart from which wells,
Through all its life-currents,
Emotions in torrents,
May be found the "location" where Oberon dwells.

Ere ever Titania,
Queen of the fairies,
In that play of contraries
(See Shakespeare—no more said—
The drama aforesaid),
Was seized with the mania

Of falling in love with the head of a donkey,
Did women exist of such singular plan
They could love anything in the form of a man,
Though as rude as a bear or as sly as a monkey,
And such women, e'en now, are not hard to be found;

They abound
All around,
In cottage and palace, in country and town,
Where'er human nature is "green" or "done brown."

And wherever you meet,
In field or in street,
With one of the sex
Who so charm and perplex,
In whose bosom such sentiment gushes and swells,
You may feel very certain there Oberon dwells.

I heard the young lady in stanza the first
Speak in terms of such favor as threatened to burst
Her bosom—inspired,
Inspired,
And fired.

With fond admiration—of one whom she called
"Sweet William," as if she was sure, "there and then,"

That with justice she claimed him,
Like the flower she named him,
To be—

Do you see?
The "pink of perfection" among other men.
Her language, so plastic
And enthusiastic,
Showed her young heart was stirred throughout all
Of its cells.

And, with what I learned after,
Suggestive of laughter,
Pointed out (as my next—and my last—stanza tells)
The singular where Oberon dwells.

From what I had heard,
At this young lady's word,
I supposed that "Sweet William" was graceful and slender.

Of infinite fines and of sentiment tender,
I found him, on after inspection, to be
Made up out of things, of the land, air and sea:
Legs of an elephant, body of whale;

Motions, a monkey's deprived of his tail;
Flat chin, and a nose like the beak of a bird;
Eyes and mouth like a fish's, his hands, face and head.

Of a singular species of parchment were made—
About half and half
Sheepskin and calf;

And this portrait is just, on my innocent word.
(With physique that's so monstrous in every part,
No word need be said of his mind and his heart).
To myself then I said:

"Though her hair is not red,
This young lady's heart has caught fire from her head.

Whose fancies and notions,
Restless as ocean's
Variant motions,
Have beaten the painters and sculptors 'all hollow,'
And, with their model, have made an Apollo."

Of course, then, the head
Of this innocent maid,
To whose whimsical notions her pure bosom swells,
Is the fanciful region where Oberon dwells.

Out of the Shadow.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"HARRY is coming home," aunt Ruth said, when she had read the letter Miss Braithe had brought her. "You will like Harry, I'm sure. Everybody does. I wish he'd settle down. I've often told him so, and he'd laugh and say he was going to when he found the woman he wanted. The woman who shares Harry Leighton's home will be fortunate, if she knows how to appreciate a home and a true heart."

Miss Braithe looked away to the hills, with a sigh and a shadow deepening in her eyes. Home, and a true heart! Both of these things she had missed. There were such things in the world, she supposed, but for all she knew of them they were myths.

Harry Leighton came home a few days after his letter to aunt Ruth. Miss Braithe, coming home from her day's drudgery at the little brown school-house at the foot of the hill, saw a young man sitting on the veranda, at aunt Ruth's feet and knew that the nephew of whom she had heard so much had come.

"Harry, this is Miss Braithe," aunt Ruth said, as she came up the steps. He rose and gave her his hands with a pleasant ease of manner that put aside any restraint and formality. He was a handsome, frank-faced man, and the honest manliness of soul looking out of his eyes commanded her respect at once, and won her friendship at the outset of their acquaintance.

It was a very pleasant evening that they passed together. He had read much, and he was a man who could talk of what he had seen and read in a pleasant, entertaining way. There was nothing shallow and superficial about him. Miss Braithe felt that her new friend was rather superior to the average of men she knew.

That was the beginning of a pleasant friendship. I think neither of them dreamed, at first, of its ripening into anything more than friendship. But few of us do.

But aunt Ruth, with keen eyes, saw that Harry was in love at last, with the quiet-faced little teacher who never told them anything of her past life. Whatever it had been, aunt Ruth was sure of one thing, it had held some very painful and bitter experiences, and their shadow was over her yet, and their memory haunted her like a troubled dream that is so real we cannot shake off its influence.

"Don't you know anything about her?" asked Harry, one day.

"Only what I have told you," answered aunt Ruth. "She came here and secured the school. She said she wanted to get away from the city and rest. I'm sure she's seen a deal of sorrow. But she's got a good face. It's a pure face, and I have perfect faith in her if she doesn't choose to take me into her confidence."

That night Harry told Miss Braithe that he loved her.

She tried to stop him. Her face was very pale, and the shadow in her eyes was deeper than ever.

"You ought not to have told me this," she cried. "Or, instead of that, I ought not to have listened. If I had been frank with your aunt, as I ought to have been when I came here, it would have saved us this. I have deceived you both; I am—a wife."

She laid her head down in her hands and

wept like a child. Harry stood there in silent pain and surprise. He wondered what it all meant.

"I want to tell you my story briefly," she said. "You have a right to know it, and when you have heard it, you may not think harshly of me. I was a child—a mere child—when I was married to Richard Braithe. My father, whose will had always been my law, forced me into the marriage. I always was afraid of the man whose name I bore. There was something sinister and crafty in his face and ways, and he was cruel to me from the first. I don't think he ever cared for me, but I had some money that came to me from my mother, and he wanted that, and through some influence over my father, he got him to favor his suit, and my youth was made miserable by the marriage that was worse to me than death."

"Richard Braithe was a gambler, and a spendthrift, and my fortune was gone in a little while. Then he began to go down in the world, deeper and deeper in disgrace every day. I suspected, after a little, that he was engaged in some dishonest business, and as time went on, I found out what it was. He was a member of a gang of counterfeiters. How he cursed me when he knew that I held his secret! He beat me, till I thought he was going to kill me in his brutal frenzy. But I could not find death so easily."

"One day he came home, in a wild hurry and excitement, lurid with rage. He swore that I had betrayed them. The officers were on his track. In vain I protested my innocence. He struck me with a heavy stick, and I fell to the floor insensible. I knew nothing for hours after that. When I came back to consciousness they told me that he had been captured and taken to jail, to await his trial. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to prison for fifteen years, and there he is to-day. I went to see him once. He swore he would kill me if he ever got out of his cell, and could find me. He thinks I gave him up to justice. But I did not. That is my story. It is true, every word of it. They will tell you so, if you will take the trouble to ask. When I came here, your aunt thought I called myself Miss Braithe, and I thought it would be of no use to correct the mistake she had fallen into. If I had, it might have saved us this."

"My poor, poor darling!" Harry said, tenderly, with his eyes full of tears; "if you can bear what you have borne and have to bear, I ought to bear the burden that the loss of you will be to me, without any murmuring. I love you, and I shall never love any other woman. But if I cannot have you, I can keep the thought of you in my heart, and sometime, it may be, the shadow will lift, and then I can claim you, and help to make your life what it ought to be. For I know you love me. I have read that in your eyes," and then he bent down and kissed her.

"Yes, I love you," she sobbed. "That will make the burden heavier—or lighter—which?" Her eyes looked far away through the tears that filled them. "It is not long till Heaven, and these crooked paths will be straightened there."

The train was waiting for the men and women who had been somewhere and were going somewhere to get on board. Do you believe in fate? If you do, perhaps you will say it was waiting for Richard Braithe.

Harry Leighton leaned out of the car window, and wondered why they were not starting. The platforms were empty. There were no more passengers to get on.

A hue and cry up the street attracted his notice. He looked that way and saw a man coming toward the depot, at the top of his speed, pursued by two other men, a little distance in the rear. At that moment the train began to move.

On, came the man who was flying from his pursuers—on like the wind. The train was moving quite swiftly now. The man gave a leap and grasped the iron railing of the car steps. There was a sudden lurch of his body, and then he went down beneath the wheels of the serpent juggernaut, and a cry of horror went up from his pursuers.

The train was stopped as soon as possible. But the man who had made one grand and mighty effort to escape from the danger of capture, was a mangled, sickening mass of quivering, lifeless flesh. He had escaped by the way of death.

"Who was it?" Harry Leighton asked, turning away from the horrible sight, sick and faint.

"Richard Braithe, the counterfeiter," one of the officers answered. "He was up for fifteen years."

And so the shadow lifted. Death brought freedom, and peace, after storm and sorrow. It is always thus. Out of death, life is born.

And Harry Leighton's wife, contrasting the old life with the new, wonders if earth ever held a happier heart than hers! But her happiness is chastened by the shadow that ended in death, and it is purer and sweeter for the memory of what she suffered in the years gone by.

It is an historical fact that Frederick of Prussia formed the idea of compelling unions between the tallest of the two sexes in his dominions, in the hope of having an army of giants. The reader will, in all probability, recollect the following ludicrous incident. It so happened that, during a rather long ride, the king passed a particularly tall young woman, an utter stranger. He alighted from his horse, and insisted upon her delivering a letter to the commanding officer of his crack regiment. The letter contained the mandate that the bearer was instantly to be married to the tallest unmarried man in the service. The young woman was somewhat terrified, and, not understanding the transaction, gave an old woman the letter, which was conveyed to the commanding officer, and this old woman was, in a short time, married to the handsomest and finest man in the crack regiment. It is not necessary to say that the marriage was an unhappy one—particularly so to the old woman. In this connection comes another anecdote. A rich saddler directed in his will that his only child, a daughter, should be deprived of the whole of the fortune unless she married a saddler. A young earl, in order to win the bride, actually served an apprenticeship of seven years to a saddler, and afterward bound himself to the rich saddler's daughter for life. But the union was anything but a happy one; the bride, neither by birth nor breeding a lady, reflected little credit on her bridegroom's choice; and repeated quarrels were followed by separation. So it is with all unequal matches; gold and brass won't unite. Novels tell us the felicity following the union of Lord Fitzgerald to Mary Ann Jones, quite ignoring Mary Ann's predisposition to red knuckles and unshapely feet, which peculiarities finally make my lord's life burdensome. Novels are amusing, but not to be relied on in "matters of the heart," as a rule.